James MacGregor Burns on Paul Douglas

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – June 3, 1972, 50 cents

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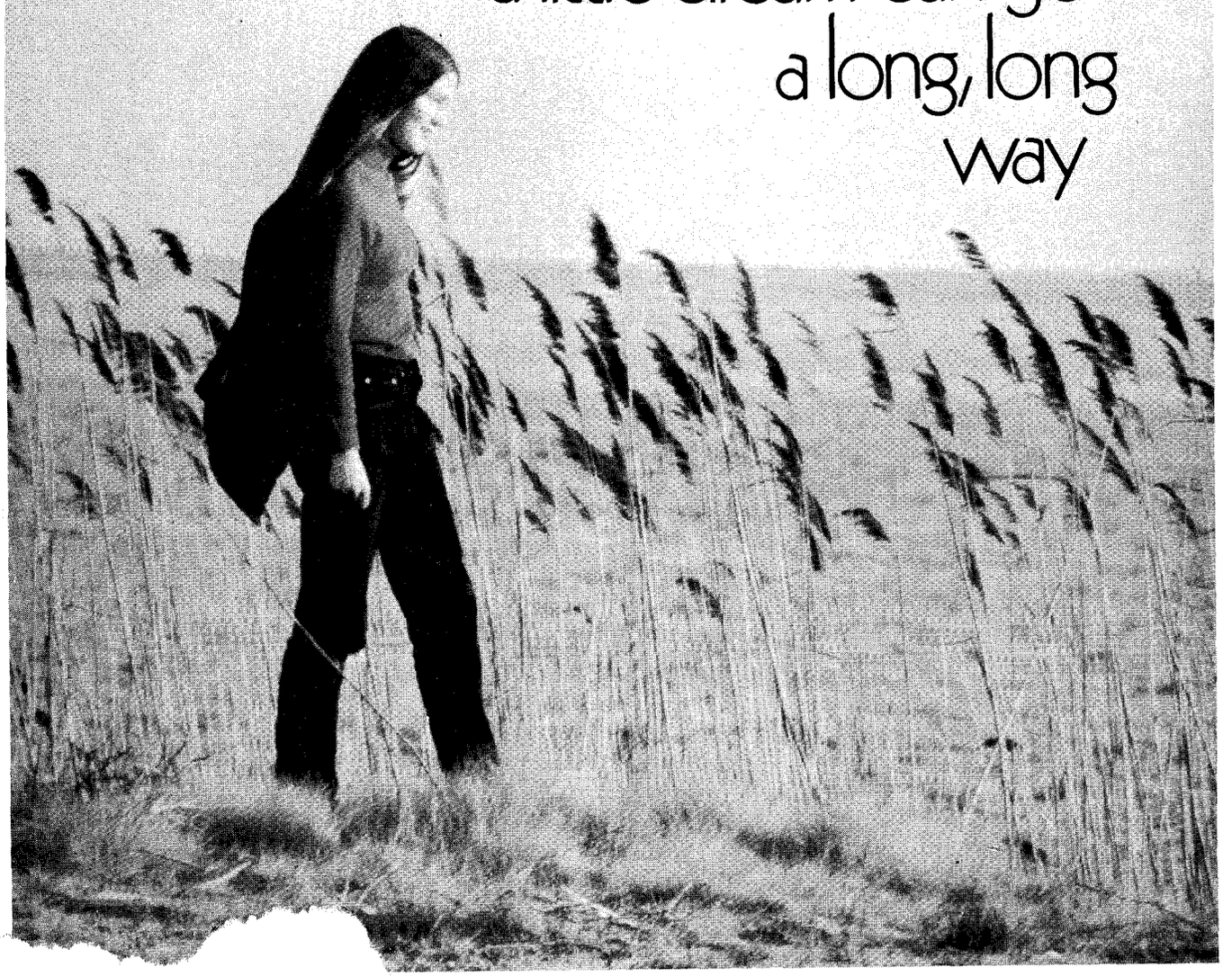

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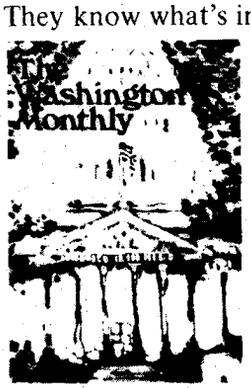

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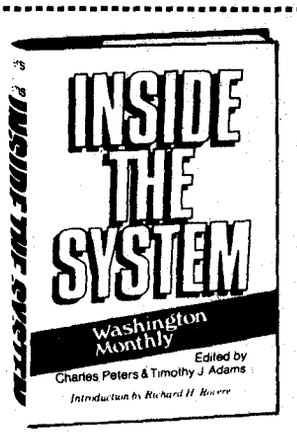

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TRB

from Washington ®
June 3, 1972

Gray Area

It's too early in his career to determine whether Louis Patrick Gray III is particularly qualified to be acting director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but even at this point it is clear that Gray is one great public relations man.

Since form often obscures content, and a little bit of style goes a long way toward disguising a lack of substance, a man's public relations talents can carry him far before anybody notices whether there's significance beneath the surface. Gray has stepped into a situation which is a PR man's dream—because his predecessor, the late J. Edgar Hoover, neglected many of the possibilities.

Hoover almost never 1) talked to the press, 2) made public speeches, 3) appeared before congressional committees in open session, or 4) communicated with the public in any fashion, save the "Director's Message" printed in the FBI's monthly magazine and the terse press releases announcing the periodic arrest of real and imagined felons.

Under Hoover, the bureau was the last refuge anywhere in the federal government for advocates of a policy of tokenism in the hiring of blacks, Chicanos, Asian-Americans and Indians, not to mention the all-out male chauvinism which precluded the employment of any women in professional positions. And there also was the late director's dress and grooming code, which proscribed everything from mustaches to wide lapels, except for undercover agents posing as hippie radicals.

With that act to follow, any appointee would look like a hero by granting interviews to newsmen, making public appearances, announcing plans to hire more women and members of minority groups, allowing special agents to wear striped shirts and longish hair and proclaiming his intention to "open the window a little."

That's what Gray did during his first weeks in office, but what may be more significant are his plans, announced in his first formal speech since taking over, to deal only with "the questions of style that may give a new look, but not new substance, to the FBI."

If the bureau's handling of its first major case under Gray's direction, the attempted assassination of Alabama Governor George C. Wallace, is any indication of the course it will follow until a permanent director is nominated by whoever is elected President in November, there is good reason to believe that there will be no "new substance."

FBI fans will recall that the bureau initiated and perfected under Hoover's direction the practice of picking the high-visibility criminal cases which would gain it the most favorable publicity (Hoover wasn't without PR sense, either). Then it would usurp the authority of law enforcement agencies which had done the initial investigative work—ranging from Treasury Department and other federal agencies to state and local police departments—to cover itself with glory.

The only suspect in the Wallace shooting, Arthur H. Bremer, was arrested at the scene of the crime by the police of Prince Georges County, Maryland, a suburban county directly east of Washington. He was taken to a local hospital for treatment of head wounds inflicted in a scuffle with the crowd at the Wallace rally and was expected to emerge from the hospital as a county prisoner.

Notwithstanding the Justice Department tradition of deferring to state and local governments in cases where there is overlapping jurisdiction in a pending prosecution, the FBI moved in and summarily took possession of prisoner, investigation and prosecution on behalf of the federal government. Thomas Farrow, special agent in charge of the FBI's Baltimore field office, reportedly invoked the names of both Acting Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst and President Nixon, insisting that it was the personal wish of both men that Bremer be turned over to the bureau.

For those who think only the FBI can do the job right, there's a fascinating footnote to that episode. The bureau, first to Bremer's car, carefully inventoried and carried off everything in the cluttered vehicle. On the list of items found was an ammunition clip for an automatic pistol, but no weapon. The local police waited patiently until the FBI finished its search of the auto, then got permission to examine the empty car. They found the gun.

Because Nixon has installed Gray in the country's most sensitive law enforcement position under circumstances which preclude Senate confirmation proceedings, there will be no opportunity for questioning about some earlier episodes in Gray's Justice Department career. Among them:

In April 1971, Gray led the team of government lawyers who went into the US District Court in Washington to seek an injunction against overnight camping on the Mall in front of the Capitol on the part of approximately 1000 members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The court order was signed by Judge George L. Hart, Jr., and upheld by the Supreme Court. The veterans defied the injunction and set up their camp on the Mall, and it was only then that Gray and his superiors realized that arresting Vietnam veterans while they slept would be a massive public relations blunder.

When the court order went unenforced, Hart angrily summoned Gray and his assistants to an unusual night session of the federal court. "The judiciary has been degraded by this whole affair and the manner in which it has been handled. I don't think it could have been handled worse," said the judge, his voice shaking with anger. "This court feels that one coordinate branch of government, the judiciary, has been dangerously and improperly used by another equal and coordinate branch of government, the executive." Whereupon the injunction was dissolved by the judge.

Earlier this year, Gray was involved in the Senate Judiciary Committee's protracted hearings on Kleindienst's relationship to three disputed antitrust cases against the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.

Gray had the job of screening requests for information from the committee. By the end of the hearings, Gray had successfully rebuffed the senators' requests for scores of documents, including all of the Justice Department's files on the ITT antitrust litigation. He even rejected a request for a list of the materials which the department had selectively refused to make public.

In his new job, Gray says he has been told that "there are no secret files." Is he suggesting that the FBI is prepared to allow public access to its files? Or is he playing games with the word, "secret?"

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Winning The Election

Any political prediction these days requires instant revision. The burst of political energy among the young is partly responsible. But it's not only the newly enfranchised young who are upsetting conventional calculations. Increasing numbers of voters—Democrats, Republicans, self-styled independents—are deaf to advice from above. Traditional loyalties fade away; established leadership is disestablished. In so fluid a situation, the tide of political prophecy runs high. Each of us can make a small splash by predicting a winner, or a loser, and the beauty of it is that anyone of us may be right, for the reason that so many have already been proved so wrong. The ins and outs of Richard Nixon are a case in point. He lost the presidency in 1960, lost the California governorship two years later and was said by the knowing to be finished. He even thought so himself; newsmen wouldn't have him to kick around any more, he told them. Now, haloed by his journeys for peace to Peking and Moscow, he is believed by many to be unbeatable in November. Perhaps he is, but the guarantee of that is no more gilt-edged than the earlier guarantee that Mr. Nixon was washed up.

George McGovern is a second case in point. Months after he announced his candidacy, his name was omitted from major national preference polls; his "identification factor" was too low. As of last week, McGovern had more pledged convention delegates (505) than any other Democrat. The latest Harris survey finds that as between Nixon and McGovern, 48 percent would vote for the former, 41 percent for the latter; eight percent are undecided. Gallup says Mr. Nixon is preferred by 49 percent, McGovern 39 percent, with 12 percent undecided. Both report that McGovern would do better against Nixon than would Hubert Humphrey, which is quite a change from six months ago.

McGovern's rise is not altogether welcome to columnists and others who thought his nomination was inconceivable, and who never liked the prospect anyway. They no longer ignore the possibility, of course; the primaries will not let them; so they search for a reason outside the primaries why, in the end, he will be rejected: he can't be elected. He can't be elected because he's too extreme, or as the phrase goes, he's a Goldwater-of-the-Left. The analogy is good for a column or two and a news story inspired by not-for-attribution White

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House gossip. It's a wobbly analogy, however. Goldwater did run in primaries in 1964, but they bore little resemblance to the hard-fought series of open contests we're seeing this year. There's another, more important difference: Goldwater scared the pants off voters by leaving an impression he couldn't be trusted to keep his finger off the nuclear trigger or his hands off social security. Who can say that of McGovern and get away with it?

No one knows what McGovern's appeal will be in November, should he be nominated in July. We know it is far more than the polls or the pols were reporting, and that it is not parochial. He is winning on the farms and in the cities, in blue-collar districts as well as the universities. And if that comes as a surprise, it's our own fault. McGovern was twice elected to the House and twice to the Senate from a state which was and is preponderantly Republican by registration. He did not win by convincing South Dakotans that he is an extremist.

Where do ephemeral predictions of commentators and pollsters leave the voter? They leave him with the power to confirm or confound them. To the individual voter, politics is not a betting but a choosing game. He has two basic questions to answer: Do I want Mr. Nixon or his designee to be the next President of the United States; if I don't, what do I want? The swing voter is not sure. Why not a second term for Nixon? Has he not been less of an anti-Communist and free-enterprise ideologue and more pragmatic than his right-wing supporters or his left-wing detractors anticipated? He has to his credit the opening of a long deferred dialogue with China. He is carrying through to a conclusion several modest but useful agreements with the Soviet Union. There have been constructive proposals on a guaranteed annual income, foreign trade, the environment, for example—though they have come in bits and pieces and often have been handicapped by underestimates of cost, weak enforcement provisions or unaggressive salesmanship by the White House.

The other side of the coin is that the administration is water-logged by the Agnews, Kleindiensts, Lairds, Mitchells, Connallys, Butzes, Shakespeares, not to mention the Buchanans and Flanigans and Haldemans of the White House staff. Efficiency is their trademark, one would have said. And yet, as a team, they do not deliver the goods, as competent tradesmen should. When Mr. Nixon took office, the unemployment rate was 3.3 percent; now it is 5.9 percent. In January 1969, the consumer price index was 106.8; now it is 124.3, a jump of 16 percent. The crime rate, of which so much was made in the '68 campaign, rose 30 percent in the first three years of this administration. In urban renewal, tax reform and a more equitable distribution of income, transport, medical care, racial harmony, good education—what has been done nowhere matches what could be done. And that's not the worst of it. Who can deny that the President has not redeemed his campaign pledge to end the war in Indochina? That promise did not require the consent of Congress for fulfillment. The responsibility is the President's alone. The simple fact is, as Daniel Bell commented last week in *The New Leader*, "Nixon's Vietnamization policy has failed and he lacks the courage to say so." That failure by itself argues for his replacement.

But the United States will not be restored to health by the single act of military withdrawal from Indochina. We are trapped in our own jungles. We have sunk into a state of depression. A collapse of confidence and conscience of this magnitude will not be easily remedied. The retirement of Mr. Nixon will not assure a national revival of the enterprising spirit that was America's strength. The country needs a President who's in step with his times, knows where he's going and *leads*. But the deadwood's not all in the White House; an out-of-step Congress can block the executive at every turn. Irrespective of Presidents or nominal party majorities in the legislature, a coalition of mediocrity, especially in the House of Representatives, has kept us stalled. Political institutions designed to serve social reform, have not. And they won't so long as the present coalition holds power on the Hill.

What this election will test, therefore, is more than the electability of Nixon or McGovern; it will test whether the democratic process in 1972 can produce a national government that works in all its parts, and works well enough to satisfy the blacks as well as the followers of George Wallace. No commander-in-chief, however wise, can accomplish that unless he commands a congressional majority which thinks his way.

Parties and Politics

"I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed," T. H. Huxley told this country at Johns Hopkins in 1876, "by your bigness, or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, and territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity and the terror of overhanging fate, is what are you going to do with all these things." Fifty years of the most feverish preoccupation with material development in the world's history, with its accompaniment of appalling social and industrial problems, have made Huxley's prescient inquiry the most pervasive and exigent question in American politics. Not that politics alone should be expected to furnish relief; not even that political action can supply the chief forces for the making of a truly civilized commonwealth. But politics must be looked to for a good deal, not so much through the specific acts of government as in the ideals which it pursues and the spiritual atmosphere which it helps to generate. And the instruments of politics are parties—FELIX FRANKFURTER, *The New Republic*, October 22, 1924.

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Getting Democrats Together

Both parties are experiencing a severe identity crisis, and some political writers believe that divisive pressures are so great that the two-party system may soon disappear. The problem for the Republicans is less noticeable than for the Democrats, because at the moment they have a President in the White House and their campaign coffers are full. Other evidence suggests, however, that Republican leaders should be no more confident than Democrats about the future of their constituency. A book published in April called *The Ticket-Splitter*, by W. DeVries and L. V. Tarrance, helps to explain why national elections in the past decade have become so unpredictable.

The authors have put together what they call a behavioral study of the American voter, classifying him not according to what he labels himself, but according to his votes as they appear on record. It's a theoretical enterprise, based on statistics and sample opinion tallies, but it's convincing in the way it traces a trend since 1960 toward resistance to party appeals. The authors note that the number of people who call themselves "Independents" has increased steadily and that the true number has increased even faster than registration statistics show. Before World War II, 80 percent of the voters endorsed straight party tickets. After the 1968 election, a Gallup poll showed that only 43 percent said they had done so that year. Another Gallup study in 1969 found that more people considered themselves Independents (30 percent) than Republicans (28 percent), and that 42 percent of the voters between ages 21 and 29 disavowed any party affiliation. The authors conclude that it will be harder and harder for the parties to rely on a faithful core, and that ticket splitters, "the most discriminating voters in our democratic system," will be the decisive element in future elections.

The Democratic Party has undertaken a number of reforms since its last national convention, all of them designed to envigorate and open the organization to groups that have been excluded in the past. Youths, women and ethnic minorities will be assured larger representation at the convention next July, and the convention rules have been altered to give delegates more control of procedure. But the most fundamental change proposed so far is the recently drafted "New Charter for the Democratic Party," largely the project of Minnesota Representative Donald Fraser. The committee working on the charter met on May 19 with the Democratic state party chairmen and other interested party members to draw up the final draft, which will be presented for approval by the national convention in July.

Bob Nelson, of the reform committee, sees the new charter as a means of gathering the handful of disparate groups now haphazardly associated with the Democratic Party into a coherent system that will give each a specific role in deciding national policy and choosing national leadership. At the lowest level will be the annually enrolled party members—"all citizens who have the interest, welfare, and success of the Democratic Party at heart." They will be urged, but not required, to pay dues, and they'll be given membership cards identifying their status as small or large donors. Members will vote in party district elections to select 1900 representatives to a national "Policy Conference," held every even-numbered year in which there is no presidential nominating convention (1974, 1978, etc). These representatives will be analogous to US representatives in the federal Congress.

The state parties will be represented at the policy conference by 600 delegates chosen by state caucus (at least one from each state). The chairman and highest elected officer of the opposite sex from each state party will also attend. The 600 delegates will be apportioned among the states according to population and Democratic strength in the most recent presidential election. All Democratic governors, senators and representatives will be seated at the conference, as will the two highest Democratic officials from each state legislature.

The responsibility of these 3300 policy conference delegates will be to elect the Democratic national chairman every fourth year, reaffirm or criticize party leadership, and discuss issues that may have arisen since the presidential convention. Fraser points out, for example, that a policy conference in 1966 might have prevented Lyndon Johnson from escalating the Vietnam war as far as he did. The charter's wording permits the national committee to call policy conferences more frequently, even annually, if necessary.

One of the most significant contributions of the charter is that it would establish written guidelines for membership in the national, national executive and finance committees. Similarly, it stipulates that "each body of the Democratic Party" adopt "written rules as required in the discharge of its responsibilities." These guarantee that there will be a certain number of public members on the national councils, and that the party's intentions for self-government will be set in print.

The finance council, for example, will consist of 50 financial representatives selected by the state party chairmen, along with 20 members-at-large appointed by the national chairman. These representatives will also participate on national committee decisions, but will have no voting power unless their state has paid its annual dues to the national party. The chief purpose of the "Finance and Membership Council," logically enough, will be to enlist members and ensure a wide financial base for the expanded national party.

The charter offers other new ideas, including the creation of an "education and training unit," something akin to a party university, which its designers hope will foster professionalism and expertise in

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handling specialized problems of government. In theory, state and other party officials will come to the education center for help in drafting speeches or finding information not otherwise available. But the charter leaves this proposal and many other practical arrangements open to adaptation. (The nominating convention, for example, isn't changed at all.) All that it attempts to do at this point is to assemble the structural supports—membership, income and authority—that would enable the Democratic Party to become a popular, issue-oriented party.

90 Million Guns

The renewed talk of gun control that followed the shooting of George Wallace answered the immediate, felt need to say something about attempts on the lives of public figures, not to mention the 20,000 less-publicized shooting deaths in the US each year. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence estimated that as of 1968 there were 35-million rifles, 24-million handguns, and 31-million shotguns in civilian hands. They are used to commit 65 percent of all murders and more than 100,000 robberies annually. Guns are a common cause of accidental death and a favorite weapon in suicides. In 1971, a million short-barreled handguns were made-in-America, similar to the ones that were used to kill Robert Kennedy and shoot Governor Wallace and (last year) 4000 other people. Many of them were fabricated from foreign parts. (The Gun Control Act of 1968, enacted in response to the killings of Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., banned importation of hand guns, so parts are shipped here for assembly.) More people have died of civilian gunfire since the turn of the century (800,000 according to one estimate) than in all wars since and including the revolution. There have been, since 1835, 41 documented assassination attempts against Presidents, governors, senators and representatives; and many of them have been successful. In roughly the last hundred years one of every five Presidents has been assassinated. Ten countries studied by the violence commission have stronger hand gun controls and lower rates of possession than we do. The gun homicide rate in the US is claimed to be more than 30 times that of England and West Germany. Clearly no one and *nothing* (not even Michelangelo's Pieta) is safe.

The Wallace shooting spurred some grand rhetoric which can be boiled down to a few reasonable essentials: gun control is needed; it won't prevent assassinations; the "sickness" of the nation is beyond the reach of available diagnostic tools.

A security that would protect persons and property from all harm is inconceivable. The truth of that is conceded all around; by McGovern for instance ("If a person is determined to commit a violent act, he will find a way to do it"), and by the violence commission ("It is difficult to prevent a determined assassin from killing a political figure, particularly when a mentally disturbed person acts alone to avenge some real or imagined wrong"). Wallace was under secret service protection. Thirty agents work on shifts around the clock at a cost of $200,000 a month for every candidate so protected. *The New York Times* proposes editorially that candidates no longer mingle with crowds and should instead stick to television appearances and closed halls where the audience can be made to pass metal detectors. Senator Muskie says bullets should be required to be radioactive so crowds could be scanned with Geiger counters. A columnist advocates bulletproof plexiglass barriers and frisking "suspicious loiterers." But politicians can't, won't and shouldn't be beyond the human touch. President Nixon went handshaking outside the White House after Wallace was shot down, as if to prove the point.

So what of gun control? It has not been seriously proposed that the estimated 90-million firearms in private possession be confiscated. That is the ultimate fear of the National Rifle Association which opposes any legislation as a step in that "unthinkable" direction. The 1968 Gun Control Act banned interstate mail order sales, provided for the recording of purchases so as to trace owners, and it limited imports. The law did not prevent Arthur Bremer from legally purchasing a snub-nosed revolver even though he had been arrested previously for carrying a concealed weapon. After Wallace was shot, Senator Birch Bayh called a meeting of his special judiciary subcommittee to consider one of at least eight pending gun bills, and his subcommittee unanimously voted for a bill that would restrict all sales of easily concealable small hand guns to police agencies, the military, and for lawful sporting purposes. An attempt is underway to define in the bill the criteria for sports weapons that could continue to be sold. The gun lobby favors, as an alternative, tough mandatory minimum sentences for using a gun to commit a crime. Bayh's bill, no bill, will end assassinations, or other shootings which occur in moments of passion because guns are handy. But making it tougher for would-be assassins is a gain in itself.

I-Make-the-Rules Daley

Conventional wisdom has it that the new reform rule of the Democrats will produce a myriad of credentials challenges leading to as much chaos inside the convention hall in 1972 as there was outside in 1968. But Chicago's Mayor Daley is giving National Committee

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Chairman Larry O'Brien different ideas about who's trying to break up the party this year. Daley's block of 59 uncommitted organization delegates faces a challenge from a group of independent Chicago Democrats. The mayor has responded by attacking the legitimacy of the reform rules and initiating a series of legal maneuvers calculated to avoid the party's credentials committee.

Daley scored a preliminary legal victory two weeks ago, when the federal courts declined to take jurisdiction in a case brought against the challengers by organization attorneys. Federal Judge Hubert Will remanded the case to the circuit court of Cook County (where Hizzoner's support approaches unanimity), but Will stayed his order for 10 days pending appeal. This permitted the challengers time to hold 48 citywide meetings as the first step in selecting their alternative delegation. The judge also made clear what he thought of the mayor's attempt to block the challengers in court, calling the effort dangerous, demagogic, and "unconstitutional sophistry."

Buttressing their legal manipulations in Illinois, the mayor's men also sued officers of the Democratic National Committee, including acting credentials committee chairman, Patricia Harris, seeking to prevent a DNC hearing officer from taking testimony in Chicago. Keeping up the offensive, they also telegraphed National Chairman O'Brien, demanding that he fire Ms. Harris on grounds that she had exceeded her authority and improperly handled the Chicago challenge.

In Chicago, after being subjected to bitter personal attacks, one hearing officer resigned and Ms. Harris promptly appointed a substitute. The Chicago hearing was rescheduled for the very day that Daley's state court judges were to be unleashed to issue the awaited injunction against the challengers. But the reformers, led by the Rev. Jesse Jackson and independent alderman Bill Singer, are committed to presenting their side of the story. Describing Hizzoner's legal razzmatazz to his Saturday morning assembly of "PUSH" supporters, Jackson stated flatly that he was prepared to defy any court order forbidding the challengers from proceeding.

A second legal victory, late last week, went to the challengers when a federal judge temporarily restrained the organization from further action in state court. Judge Frank McGarr called Daley's suite "harassment . . . designed to deprive the challengers of their First Amendment rights."

Even if Daley fails to get the game called off, he can still refuse to play. If hearings are held in Chicago, the organization's participation is highly unlikely. "If he can't block the hearings," says an attorney for the challengers, "he just won't come. Our evidence is overwhelming. If they participate, it will assure us immeasurably helpful publicity."

Not only is the Illinois challenge central to the enforcement of the reform rules, but the 59 delegates at stake constitute a block of votes larger than 35 state delegations. Under the circumstances the First Commandment for a Democratic presidential aspirant is "thou shalt not ruffle the mayor." And as Judgment Day draws near, there is a hustle to comply. Humphrey, still doing penance for suggesting that Daley might have tried harder in 1968, has learned the virtues of silence. The architect of the rules which gave impetus to the challenge, George McGovern, is also keeping this one at arm's length. Having previously announced that he would fully support all challenges brought under the McGovern-Fraser guidelines, the senator's statement adjusting his policy for Illinois reflected both candor and discomfort. "In politics you can take only so many politically dangerous positions. I'm out in front on enough things already. Let someone else do this."

McGovern Momentum

Wrapping It up In New York

Dining out black tie doesn't lend itself to sporting the paraphernalia of campaigns, such as buttons and lapel pins; yet, the total absence of any hint of personal preference among the 2000-plus judges, lawyers and businessmen who flocked to the fund-raiser of Brooklyn Democratic chieftain Meade Esposito at the Waldorf-Astoria the other night seemed symbolic. As the guests, at $100 each, poured off the elevators, the symbolism blossomed. It was an "over 30" crowd, white and male. The sprinkling of women and younger men blended inconspicuously into the crush. It took a sharp eye to spot a black skin or hair longer than modish and a sharp ear to catch a mention of politics above the judgeship or clubhouse level. Here were the beneficiaries of the old order, and they don't have a champion seeking the White House.

Even as Esposito was distributing tickets in the days immediately prior to the dinner, he was going through the rites of self-preservation, negotiations for a detente with the McGovern organization. His tardiness drew comments from McGovern's youthful managers in New York, who are irritated by chieftains of provincial fiefdoms, even one as large as Brooklyn. Still, they have one eye on November and weren't slamming the door on this potential recruit.

Four years after the antiwar movement in New York was galvanized as an electoral force, its heir, George McGovern, has the only statewide organization of any consequence. He's running slates in 37 of the 39 dis-

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tricts (he skipped Shirley Chisholm's and Herman Badillo's but most of the latter's slate including Badillo, are McGovern backers). His opposition is scattered and for practical purposes probably limited to 12 or 15 districts. As a result, McGovern is confident of winning 200 of the state's 278 delegates and has visions of going as high as 240.

It isn't limited to New York. McGovern's people hope to get 35 to 40 of Connecticut's 51 delegates named by a convention process and perhaps half of the New Jersey delegation, elected by county. Already, McGovern has swept through the Massachusetts and Rhode Island primaries and picked up the big majority of Vermont's delegates. In the Northeast, only Maine and New Hampshire escaped him. It's a sharp contrast to 1968, when the antiwar forces had to fight every inch of the way to come out with less than a majority in most of these states.

Numerous reasons are advanced for the deterioration of the traditional influence of the party regulars but none is as important as the gradual spread of antiwar sentiment, so overpowering in a state like New York that few local leaders have a strong enough local organization to cope with supporters of the leading antiwar spokesman. Add to this, a lack of grassroots enthusiasm for the Humphrey candidacy, the tendency of regulars to look to such offices as judgeships for patronage, and the steadily increasing independence and involvement of the huge, middle-class vote, both in the inner cities and the suburbs. There's little reason left for the regulars to fight it; they'd just lose.

In Connecticut four years ago, the McCarthyites engaged in a dramatic confrontation with the powerful organization headed by John Bailey, then national chairman, and won enough delegates to the state convention to force the regulars to grudgingly award them 9 of 44 delegates. This year, to quote Ann Wexler, the McCarthy leader in Connecticut in 1968, "there's a marked difference. People who were passionate Humphrey people and hated McCarthy are saying that, if McGovern wins California, they're going to vote for him. Bailey is keeping his hands off. They don't consider it to be an insurgent movement." She adds that "their biggest concern" is whether McGovern is "strong enough to carry Connecticut. A lot of them have grave doubts but they think Humphrey would be even worse." McGovern hasn't laid down a challenge to the regulars; he's welcomed their support.

The movement toward McGovern in Connecticut started in the most implausible place of all—with New Haven boss Arthur Barbieri, whose slate was beaten by McCarthy insurgents in 1968. First, he announced he would try to unseat Bailey as state chairman; then, after a lapse of a few weeks, he endorsed McGovern. Finally, he said he wouldn't challenge Bailey this year, after all. The upshot: his organization slate is not only unopposed in New Haven but the McGovern chairman nominated him for reelection at the city meeting. It's quite a switch for Barbieri, who led the Dodd forces in 1970.

Not everyone was as perceptive as Barbieri. In New York, only City Councilman Matt Troy, the Queens leader, saw the light on a distant horizon. His fellow leaders put together their "uncommitted" slates with an eye toward the Muskie candidacy. That's over, Esposito of Brooklyn and Marvin Christenfeld, the new leader in Nassau County, are edging toward McGovern in the final weeks. Christenfeld pulled a number of his "uncommitted" delegates off the ballot and then flew to Cleveland to meet with McGovern aides to work out an acceptable arrangement. It left a partial "uncommitted" slate made up mostly of Humphrey supporters to cope with a McGovern slate put together by the New Democratic Coalition (NDC) and other McGovern backers in the district. The "uncommitted" slate, however, no longer has its leader.

Howard Samuels has stepped into a leadership role in New York and is busily activating his upstate organization for McGovern, helping raise money and working behind the scenes to quiet the fears of the Jewish community regarding McGovern's record on Israel, at which the Humphrey backers have been sniping. Samuels' reward will be reaped in 1974 when he is expected to emerge as the top candidate for his party's gubernatorial nomination.

The gradual disintegration of the old party organization in the Northeast, a major Democratic stronghold in the last several presidential elections, raises the question of who's going to do the legwork for the ticket in the fall. The voters didn't need any prompting in states such as New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island in 1968, but it took a massive effort by organized labor to pull Connecticut into the Democratic fold and a similar effort in New Jersey failed.

If New York is an example, the McGovern organization will be a good substitute. A month before the June 20th primary, it's organized in every county, has 15,000 to 20,000 volunteers working out of 123 local offices. As everywhere, it's strictly a grassroots operation, headed by Ed Rogoff, a 20-year-old veteran of the West Side "kids," a group of youngsters who've shown a good deal of aptitude for pulling out the vote. Rogoff is a soft-spoken, efficient young man who's gained the respect of the national McGovern staff. In places like Albany, Rogoff and his colleagues have assembled the only organization ever considered a threat to the machine of the aging (84) leader, Dan O'Connell. O'Connell, himself, is on the ballot as an "uncommitted" candidate for delegate. It's the first time in over half a century his name has been on the ballot. McGovern workers also hope to wrestle control of the delegation from two Erie County (Buffalo) districts from Joe Crangle. There, Peter Crotty, Crangle's bitter foe, is on the McGovern slate.

But the momentum is just beginning to build. Only

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days ago, the McGovern campaign opened a storefront headquarters in Brooklyn Heights and, in three days, 60 volunteers walked in. As Rogoff put it: "All the local people who didn't have time do now." In Brooklyn and Nassau counties, the regular slates were wiped out by the same people working under McCarthy's banner four years ago and probably will be again this year.

Success is giving McGovern some sticky problems in local races. He hasn't endorsed anyone; however, his supporters are very active in a number of bitterly fought House contests in New York City. In Bronx, there's the battle for survival between Reps. Jonathan Bingham (D) and James Scheuer (D), two "reformers" thrown against each other by redistricting. Scheuer has endorsed McGovern and, in turn, been endorsed by NDC. Bingham hasn't. So the McGovern and Scheuer campaigns are tied together there.

On the West Side where an incredibly emotional battle is going on between Reps. William Fitts Ryan and Bella Abzug, the McGovern slate can't lose, because the bulk of the workers on both sides are for him.

It's different in Brooklyn, where Allard Lowenstein is running a high visibility campaign to unseat Rep. John Rooney in the district that clings to the Brooklyn waterfront. Lowenstein has endorsed McGovern, something Rooney would never do. There is some fear the campaign run by Lowenstein will flush out a heavy "regular" vote for Rooney and deny the district's delegates to McGovern. (The race is further complicated by the presence of a Chisholm slate. Lowenstein's refusal to endorse her slate caused bitter feeling between the two.)

Aside from delegates, New York has also been a good hunting ground for McGovern fund-raisers. It's estimated that between $1.5 and $2 million has been raised in New York's wealthy liberal circles and taken out of the state to finance primaries elsewhere, raising a few murmurs of protest among the locals who find themselves running a bare-bone campaign in the state with the largest number of delegates. Rogoff estimates the total cost of the New York campaign at between $400,000 and $500,000 (the media maximum for the state is $780,000) and $200,000 for "everything else." It adds up to a modest $600,000 to $700,000 in a state in which the McGovern forces feel they have 150 delegate candidates in a safe position but will have to fight for the extra 50 to 90 they hope to get eventually.

McGovern's tax proposals are making some of his money sources a bit nervous. To quote one campaign worker: "We hear it all the time, people saying he 'really doesn't mean it, does he.'" The writer came face-to-face with an example at a Manhattan party where a young man complained about McGovern's inheritance tax proposals: "I like his views on a lot of things but his ideas on economics are crazy." He was in a difficult position. So overwhelming is the support for McGovern in younger social circles in New York, it amounts to social pressure. But the young man is thinking of the very substantial inheritance in his future. I suggested that $500,000 was "enough." "Oh, no it isn't," he replied, stalking off.

More serious are rumblings in the vote-heavy Jewish community over charges, said to emanate from personal telephone calls being made by Humphrey to Jewish leaders, over McGovern's stand on Israel. A 1970 interview with *The New York Times* is cited in which McGovern is quoted as saying the "ideal situation" would be for Israel to pull back to its pre-1967 borders; that statement was strongly qualified in the same interview, however. That couldn't happen, McGovern said, unless mutual trust and regard for each other's borders was first established between Israel and the Arab states, and that it was the duty of this country to stand behind Israel until then.

Also cited is a vote against a military appropriations bill a couple of years ago which contained funds for Israel, but McGovern subsequently voted for a separate bill containing the monies for Israel.

Then there's the abortion issue. In New York, McGovern's stand—he says it's a state not a national issue—sounds on the conservative side considering the uproar that followed President Nixon's letter to Cardinal Cooke in which he came out against abortion and subsequent polls that show 62 percent of the voters in the state are for legalized abortion. The McGovern worry is that someone like Shirley Chisholm might come out with a more liberal position that would cause him a problem in Manhattan districts such as the East Side.

However, as it stands today, New York may well put the final touches on an early ballot McGovern nomination, giving him that last burst of momentum in a state long controlled by organization politicians, highly sensitive on touchy issues such as tax reform, Israel and abortion, but also a state with a long history of antipathy to Nixon-Agnew politics.

Paul R. Wieck

Decriminalizing Heroin

Nixon's boast in 1968 has gone sour. Despite his Crime Control Act of 1970, crime has gone steadily up, and we are being increasingly victimized by violent crimes, particularly in our cities. The heroin traffic, which the President is committed to uprooting, is responsible for about half the serious crime in urban centers. By continuing the "war" against heroin, Mr. Nixon is guaranteeing that the rate of these crimes will continue to rise.

The pernicious traffic in heroin is a classic example of what one critic has labeled a *crime tariff*. Treating

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consensual dealings in a commodity like heroin as a crime operates very much like a tariff, because the demand for heroin is what economists call inelastic; restricting the supply causes people who want heroin to be willing to pay any price to buy it; by making its sale criminal, we make those who are willing to break the law a kind of monopolist; in effect, we say to the illegal supplier: "If you are willing to take the chance of getting caught, we (society) will confer on you the enormous profits that accrue to a monopolist." The forerunners of today's monopolists in the heroin traffic were the rum-runners of the 1920s. By switching their activities to commodities like heroin, they survived the repeal of Prohibition. By decriminalizing heroin, the traffic in heroin will dry up almost at once. As noted earlier, about half of the serious crimes that occur in America are attributable to the activities of heroin addicts. The rate of burglaries and robberies, the two most frequent property crimes accompanied by danger to the person, has made life in our cities intolerable. Indeed, Sidney Hook in *Encounter*, April, 1972, has proposed that our concern with the civil liberties of criminal defendants should be replaced by a concern for the victims of crime. That tendency among our intellectuals is due entirely to the fact that our cities have become jungles. Decriminalizing heroin should drastically reduce the rate of serious crime. Isn't that a better course to take than to abandon our concern for civil liberties?

The British system for dealing with heroin addiction is the obvious model for us to follow. The British found that they had to modify their system of allowing doctors *laissez faire* in prescribing heroin. We can modify their system still further by providing public clinics where a registered addict can get his shots or an oral dose. We can thereby eliminate the possibility of a black market developing on a small scale with its incentive to indoctrinate others. Methadone is a very unsatisfactory substitute for heroin. Substituting one addiction for another is no way to reduce drug addiction. It is a moot question whether society can employ coercive means to reduce drug use. It should still remain a very serious crime to sell or give heroin to a minor. I don't see that as resurrecting the crime tariff. But given the availability of free heroin to registered addicts, I very much doubt that a traffic would spring up in supplying minors. The "pusher" would be reduced to hanging around school yards. But where would he obtain the heroin that he dangles before the impressionable kids? Taking the kind of risk that would be required to supply this terribly small market would have very little appeal to the big importers and suppliers who probably closely resemble the characters in *The French Connection*. That sort of large-scale operation would quickly die out.

As the Knapp Commission hearings in New York have shown, police corruption thrives on the heroin traffic. We give the police a literally impossible job to do when we ask them to regulate morals. It has become quite respectable to talk about repealing criminal laws relating to abortion, homosexuality, drunkenness, gambling and even marijuana (as witness the half-assed or half-baked report of President Nixon's commission that favors eliminating penalties for possession but not for selling or transferring marijuana). Such laws can all be shown to engender police corruption. I have thought for a good many years that our confusion of the criminal law with the dictates of morality exacerbate the police situation by making undue demands on the criminal law. So long as we employ that most coercive of legal sanctions to deal with everything that we, or some of us, find disagreeable in our environment—with narcotics addiction, with gambling, with homosexuality—we will be condemned to endure the nastiness that is to a large extent the gist of "efficient" police work. It is no accident that almost all the spectacular cases of unconstitutional searches and seizures, of entrapment and of electronic eavesdropping occur in the pursuit of criminals whose crimes do no visible injury and therefore evoke no complaints: the narcotics trafficker, the numbers runner, the prostitute. One need not wait for the abolition of these offenses to question whether, even if they are to remain on the books, their prosecution justifies resort to measures as repulsive as those they evoke. The police are not to blame. The blame lies with those who have the responsibility for telling the police what their job is and what tools they may use in doing it. Our failure to civilize the police by decriminalizing has led to the passage of laws like the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 and the Crime Control Act of 1970 which are justly abhorrent to everyone who cares about civil liberties.

By cutting a very large proportion of our addict-created crimes, we can start to reduce the pressures on our courts and devote our attention to improving their work. The job of overhauling our prisons is also high on the list of things that we have to do. Again, by reducing the population of our prisons, we can begin to think about how we can make our prisons more humane. By making our courts and our prisons more humane we can increase respect for law among our most vulnerable groups, racial minorities and the young. These groups are much too heavily represented in the population of our prisons. By decriminalizing heroin, we can begin to win those groups back to law-abiding ways. I consider decriminalizing heroin to be far more important in this respect than the currently fashionable drive to decriminalize marijuana. Much more hangs on the heroin issue than on the marijuana issue.

Crime is a social and political artifact, not a natural phenomenon. Crime is caused, in the formal sense, by legislatures. Enforcing personal morals through the criminal law is one of this country's principal self-in-

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flicted wounds. It may be profitable to remember that our criminal law is a good deal like our foreign policy in that we are free to reduce our commitments to match our capacities. We can allow our people—as we should allow nations—to choose their own roads to hell if that is where they want to go. I should have thought that to be the most important lesson of liberalism.

Herbert L. Packer

MR. PACKER *teaches at the Stanford University law school.*

The Nixon Watch

The Pressure of Fear

Moscow

The Soviet journalists who are assigned to spend their evening hours with the reporters in the President's press party find it easier to answer the question that we are continually asking them than we find it to answer the question that they ask us most often and with the greatest intensity. Our question is, why was Mr. Nixon allowed to come to Moscow after he affronted and aggrieved the Soviet government with his Vietnam speech on May 8, and the actions that he took and is still taking to bar Soviet military and other supplies from North Vietnam with military force? The question that we are asked is, why did the President do it *then*, just when the summit conference that he and the Soviet leadership had labored so hard and so long to arrange was about to occur? The Soviet answer, stilted in form but somehow believable when it is elaborated, is that "it was the will of the people" that the affront be ignored and the summit proceed as promised and planned. The best answer to the Soviet question that I have been able to think up is two-fold. It is that Mr. Nixon cannot tolerate the appearance of defeat in Vietnam, and that he simply reacted in character when he felt that he had been backed into a corner.

When the "will of the people" line was first thrown at me, I dismissed it as the kind of simplistic propaganda to be expected from journalists who are also the servants and spokesmen of their government. But the elaboration of the line, at group receptions and in quiet conversations, convinced me that along with the propaganda, I was getting some interesting and worthwhile insights into the Soviet regime and Soviet society. At this writing, on the third of Mr. Nixon's eight days in the Soviet Union, when nothing officially told us so far about the summit adds much of value to the knowledge and impressions we brought from Washington, the content and nuances of the informal chitchat seem to me to be more worth reporting than the stuff fed to us in the guise of news. Here, then, is a summary of the impressions that have been derived from conversations with men who are, I am well aware, required by their government and party masters to do what they can to persuade me that the truth is their truth.

The foremost impression is that Leonid Brezhnev, the general secretary of the Communist Party's Central Committee and the Soviet leader with whom Mr. Nixon is principally engaged, is under tremendous pressure to make this conference a real success. It is a pressure that arises from circumstances much more compelling than the Soviet government's specific need for specific agreements on strategic arms limitation, expanded trade with the United States and cooperation in such areas as space exploration, environmental control and public health. The central source of the pressure is fear—the literal fear of nuclear war and nuclear annihilation. One gathers that this fear is infinitely more acute and more alive in the Soviet Union than it has been in the United States since the late 1940s, when Americans as a people seemed to conclude that there was no use worrying about a possibility that appeared to recede with time and familiarity. The possibility and then the announced certainty of a Nixon-Brezhnev summit meeting was received in the Soviet Union as something far more than the prospect of public entertainment, an interesting exercise in big-power diplomacy. It eased the fear. It raised the hope, a hope that became a compelling demand, that nuclear conflict with the United States be removed from the realm of serious possibility.

That accomplished, the fear of nuclear conflict with Communist China would remain, of course. The degree and depth of this apprehension cannot be appre-

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ciated in the United States. I have yet to hear it openly and clearly expressed in Moscow. But it is discernibly present, it is constantly implied in conversations of the kind upon which I am drawing here. The net effect is to increase, not diminish, the demand for accommodation with the United States that presses upon Brezhnev and his fellows in the Soviet leadership. The thrust, quite explicit and not left to implication, of conversation on this point is that Brezhnev and the leaders with whom he had to consult after Nixon delivered his May 8 speech would never have tolerated the affront to Soviet pride and the challenge to Soviet policy if they had not been convinced that they would be inviting serious and possibly unmanageable domestic trouble for themselves if they canceled the promised summit. The visitor does not associate unmanageable domestic trouble with this society and this regime. When I indicated some such thought, more by a look than in words, one of the Soviet journalists who had been talking along the foregoing lines said with seemingly genuine scorn, "Do you believe that our leaders are totally divorced from public sentiment? If you do, you are foolish." Maybe I was foolish to believe him, but I did.

The feeling that this meeting had to occur, that nothing could be allowed to prevent it once it was agreed upon, is accompanied by a show of profound astonishment and puzzlement. The posed question is not merely why but how Mr. Nixon could have done what he did on May 8 and afterward. The idea that any President of the United States could believe that the American interest in Vietnam and in the outcome of the Vietnam war is real enough and important enough to justify the risk to the Moscow summit that Mr. Nixon took is beyond the ken of the men whose attitudes I am reflecting. In their professed opinion, it was a very serious risk. They say now, with no evident sense of contradicting their major point, that they did not see at the time how Brezhnev and his fellows could avoid cancellation of the invitation to Nixon, notwithstanding the predictable effect at home. They doubted then, in short, that Brezhnev and the associated leaders could swallow their own pride and their sense of national pride and tell Mr. Nixon to come on. One of the editors, who said that he was sick with fear that the summit would be canceled, told a family story to make his point that only the most insistent pressures could have led the leadership to let the conference proceed. The editor said that his wife and daughter were enraged by the Nixon speech and are still arguing with him that the invitation to Moscow should have been instantly withdrawn. They are by no means alone in that view, he said, but he thinks Brezhnev and the leaders who sided with him in the decision to go ahead with the conference read the predominant sentiment accurately.

The way in which the journalists whom I am echoing speak of their leaders interests this newcomer to the Moscow scene. They are editors at the second level, sophisticated men, fluent in English, skilled in the arts of persuasion. I doubt that if I were a reporter stationed in Moscow I'd pay them more than the limited and rather casual heed the resident correspondents accord them. One suspects that their knowledge of what goes on at the peaks of Soviet power is at least as modest as that of their professional equivalents among the American correspondents stationed in Washington. But they know enough to perceive, and are brave enough to suggest (with a care for anonymity), that their Brezhnevs and Kosygins are fallible men, capable of error, divided amongst themselves in their secret councils, driven and guided more by circumstance than by ideology The suggestion is that if this last were not true, Richard Nixon would not be in Moscow, housed in the splendor of the Kremlin Grand Palace and dealing with pragmatists who match him in his readiness to surmount principle when principle gets in the way of desired results. One of the results desired by the President is more Soviet assistance than he has previously obtained in bringing the Hanoi government to the point of productive negotiation in Paris. By productive negotiation, of course, the President means negotiation to end the Indochina war on terms that will leave to him at least a shred of the honor that he keeps talking about. Henry Kissinger, withdrawn from the limelight in Moscow while the President shares it with Brezhnev, didn't bother to equivocate when he was asked to confirm the patent fact that Vietnam is on the summit agenda. In Salzburg, where Nixon paused for a cautionary rest on the way to Moscow, Kissinger said with dry understatement that the Vietnam problem would be discussed but would not overwhelm the occasion. It predictably will not be allowed to do that. But it may be said with confidence that the President will consider his Moscow venture an unalloyed success only if his Soviet hosts are persuaded to do all they can—and that admittedly may not be a great deal—to convince their ruling friends in Hanoi that Richard Nixon is perfectly willing to leave them in peace with a fair and perhaps better than fair chance to take control of South Vietnam after a decent interval.

Three agreements announced during the first days of the visit solemnized and slightly expanded previously negotiated understandings that the US and the USSR would cooperate in space research and exploration, environmental research and protection, and medical and public health research. The ceremonial signings and the judiciously timed announcements were largely window dressing, designed and arranged beforehand to further the impression that Nixon, Brezhnev and their lesser companions in summitry were accomplishing a lot. But Henry Kissinger had a point when he said in Salzburg that the signing

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at the summit would have an importance that goes beyond the agreements themselves. It was a demonstration of mutual acceptance of the proposition that agreement to cooperate in a plethora of relatively small matters can hasten progress toward a relationship between the superpowers that diminishes the dangers of conflict over the big issues. The big issue in discussion here, with a hope of concrete and constructive agreement, is strategic arms limitation. That agreement probably will be of sufficient scope to give Brezhnev the appearance of success that he needs in order to justify his submission to Nixon's military measures in Vietnam. If the President has paid a price for the submission, for the permitted summit, and perhaps for Soviet assistance in bringing about a Vietnam settlement that he is capable of accepting, it will be evident when the details of the arms agreement are published and analyzed.

Results aside, the fact that dominates the occasion is that Richard Nixon is here, buddying up with the leaders of the world's greatest Communist power and visibly enjoying his stay in the Kremlin, the cluster of domed temples and palaces and rather shabby office buildings which during most of his career was for him the capital and symbol of detested Communism. The quality of pioneering adventure, of a break from the past that attended his visit to Peking in February is lacking. But the observer must pause at times and succumb to the wonder that this man, this seeming model of mediocrity, should be the first President of the United States to do what he has done this year, within four months, in Peking and now in Moscow. The people of Moscow pay little attention to his presence. The reporters in Nixon's wake decided that 100,000 people stood along his route from the airport to the Kremlin, but there was no way to count them and many of them appeared to be out for a stroll when the President happened to pass. When he put a wreath on the grave of Moscow's Unknown Soldier, the watching crowd consisted mostly of pedestrians who were forbidden to cross the nearby streets while he was there. Patricia Nixon attracts gangs of the curious when she visits schools, stores, the subway. But Moscow's residents and hordes of tourists from the provinces, reveling in the year's first warm and sunny week, huddle around any person or happening that seems unusual. Four Japanese monks in saffron robes, standing in Red Square before Lenin's tomb, drew a crowd comparable to the ones that Mrs. Nixon draws. One has the impression, though, that this is not indifference and certainly not an ordered show of indifference. On the contrary, the Soviet leaders are using the occasion to invite maximum attention to their association with Nixon. Brezhnev, Kosygin and their fellow dignitaries preen and posture with unmistakable pleasure when they appear with Nixon on Soviet television, signing agreements and toasting with champagne. No doubt about it, the Soviet hierarchy is glad that the President is here and probably all of us should be, too.

John Osborne

Little Money for Research

Black Scientists

by Richard Nemec

Your department exists only on paper and your laboratory will have to be in your head.
Booker T. Washington to George Washington Carver when Carver joined Tuskegee Institute

When the noted black scientist who eventually revolutionized agriculture in the South, George Washington Carver, began his 47-year association with all-black Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, he was forced to create his first laboratory from junk found in trash barrels around the campus. Similarly, when the famous chemist Percy Julian accepted a faculty position at all-black West Virginia State College, he started as a one-man chemistry department with an ill-equipped laboratory. Both Carver and Julian emerged renowned scientists. Their success, however, has not made it much easier

RICHARD NEMEC *holds a master's degree from Northwestern University and has worked on daily newspapers in Los Angeles, Las Vegas and Chicago.*

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for today's black scientists or significantly improved the biomedical curricula at most of America's 126 four-year minority colleges and universities, 95 of which have predominantly black enrollments.

Along with most of our prominent black scientists, Carver, Julian and their colleagues from the past graduated from white institutions.

Carver got his master's degree from Iowa State University and stayed on to teach there early in his career; Julian earned a bachelor's in chemistry at DePauw University, a master's from Harvard and a PhD from the University of Vienna; Dr. Daniel Hale Williams (1858-1931), the black physician who pioneered open heart surgery, is a product of Chicago Medical School; and Dr. Charles Drew (1904-50), the black doctor who pioneered modern methods of blood preservation, went to Amherst College and McGill University's medical school in Canada. Of more recent vintage, chemists Henry A. Hill and Lloyd A. Hall received most of their college education at prestigious white schools.

More than a century of "emancipation" has done little to change the inferiority of the science programs in black schools. In the biomedical sciences, there's an appallingly small pool of black physicians and scientists: one of every 36 American physicians is black; one of every 420 American PhDs is black.

"Black institutions are faced with a historic inadequacy of resources," President Nixon said in 1971, outlining expanded opportunities for higher education. "To help these institutions compete for students and faculty with other colleges and universities, the combined help of government at all levels, other institutions of higher learning and the private sector must be summoned."

The federal government's initial response in the biomedical sciences is the Minority Schools Biomedical Support (MSBS) program, which begins in June with a relatively modest $2 million from the Health, Education, and Welfare Department's multi-billion-dollar budget. HEW's Research Resources Division in the National Institutes of Health (NIH), which is charged with distributing the MSBS money, will award grants ranging from $30,000 to $500,000 each year over a "possible five-year support period." It does not take a PhD to realize that four $500,000 grants would exhaust the money available. Seventy-nine minority institutions have been scurrying around, filling out the federal government's voluminous grant request forms, each hoping for a piece of the pie. The grants may be used to support faculty research or research training activities, to expand one or more science departments, or to expand all the health-related science curricula at a minority school. Grants will be limited to one for each institution.

The government's goal is to equalize the opportunity for minority schools to participate in biomedical research programs, which have been heavily subsidized by NIH grants among the predominantly white schools. The intent is also to encourage more minority students to enter the health sciences. With this in mind, administrators and scientists from 90 schools met in nine area meetings last fall to formulate guidelines for the MSBS program. Twenty-five minority schools were surveyed to determine needs and priorities.

Many of the needs are found at Virginia State College, a school of 3200 students (90 percent black) in Petersburg, Va. Its biology department chairman, Bernard R. Woodson, was one of three NIH consultants who helped create MSBS. "A large majority of these schools have wonderful facilities and strong faculty," he says. However, "administrative attitudes, strained budgets and large classroom demands make it almost impossible to accomplish anything representative in the way of research. White institutions grant time for the organization of ideas, they have the expertise for writing grant proposals, they have the inside track on government contracts. One has to have time to sit and reflect, or to converse with colleagues, to come up with meaningful ideas." MSBS makes provision for grants to give black scientists more "release time" from classroom responsibilities, allowing them to concentrate on research and participate in important national scientific meetings. Funds can be used for new research equipment, summer research programs, recruitment of more professional staff in the biomedical fields and support of long-range research projects. It also is available for sharing of resources among neighboring black institutions.

But two million dollars is a "very small amount when you compare it to the NIH 1971-72 budget [$600 million]," Woodson says. "But if you compare it to zero million, then it is a very large amount. Only a small number of minority institutions will be helped, if at all. Howard and Meharry Universities [America's two largest predominantly black schools] can come up with enough requests to use the total $2 million. Tuskegee Institute, Atlanta and Southern universities also could possibly do the same. And there are other strong black institutions that could demand a large chunk of this very small pie, but I am afraid they may be left out."

Woodson mentions only schools with predominantly black enrollments, but there are 30 other eligible schools with a majority of Mexican-American, Puerto Rican, Indian, oriental or Hawaiian students. Do they have a chance for any of the biomedical funds?

Robert J. Gibbs, chief of NIH's general research support branch, says yes: "Institutions founded for blacks constitute the major group eligible for the MSBS program, but the other ethnic minority institutions have similar needs and capabilities which can and will be served." Critics caution that it is doubtful that $2 million will stretch that far.

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America's minority colleges face a budgetary crisis that is especially acute. At a time of rising college attendance among blacks, predominantly white institutions are luring top black students and faculty. Students (over 150,000) who remain at the black schools usually come from poorer socio-economic backgrounds, and faculty members earn about half of the national average salary for college teachers.

In response, 85 presidents of black schools have formed the National Association of Equal Opportunity in Higher Education, calling for substantial increases in public and private financial support in this "era of transition" for the black institutions. Total federal aid to black colleges rose 11 percent last year—$135 million out of a $4 billion total in federal higher education funds. In matching fund construction programs, large amounts of federal money have gone unused because the black schools have been unable to come up with the necessary 50 or 33 percent of project costs. The money is spread painfully thin. Thirty-six black schools in the United Negro College Fund, for example, have budgets totaling $110 million—to support 40,000 students.

Aside from the United Negro College Fund and the Ford Foundation, private money is virtually nonexistent for biomedical programs.

NIH traditionally has practiced a subtle form of segregation in relation to minority schools. NIH administrators—the guys who distribute the money—are almost exclusively white, middle-class scientists from prestigious white institutions. The amount of federal red tape required for even small grants is unbelievable. More than half of the MSBS policy booklet deals with grant application procedures, detailing very carefully what the program's funds *cannot* be used for: indirect costs, projects previously disapproved for NIH funding, new construction, maintenance and repairs, installations, multiple purpose travel and library support.

NIH grant requests undergo numerous reviews by a cadre of scientists. Often these men hold loyalties and friendships with many of the white scientists applying for grants. Overworked black scientists do not enjoy close relationships with these men. Peer review often works against them.

For every Percy Julian or George Washington Carver, there are numerous black botanists, cytologists and parasitologists who must interrupt their research to accommodate heavy teaching loads. Much of the research by black scientists still remains fruitless because they cannot afford to travel to pertinent scientific meetings, or purchase modern laboratory equipment. For these men, the federal government's new program will become a reality only when it delivers badly needed money for laboratory equipment or salaries of research assistants.

Rift in the Ranks

Politics and POWs

by Peter J. Ognibene

While more Americans are being added weekly to the ranks of POWs or "missing in action," the return of American POWs has not become an election-year issue and probably will not unless the families of the missing men are willing to make it one. The Nixon administration is following a cold-blooded strategy to see they do not.

The National League of Families of American Prisoners of War and Missing in Action in Southeast Asia is the hopelessly long name of the organization which claims to speak for most of the families of the 1618 men (as of mid-March, before the North Vietnamese offensive) who are listed as captured or missing in Indochina. Ostensibly nonpartisan, the league last year got itself enmeshed in the politics of the GOP and became an arm of the Republican National Committee. Through a simple but adroit maneuver, the league was made dependent upon the committee for its fund-raising and, as a *quid pro quo*, gave unqualified public support to President Nixon's policy of Vietnamization.

On January 21, Congressman Les Aspin (D, Wis.),

PETER J. OGNIBENE, *a 1963 graduate of the Air Force Academy and instructor in political science at the academy from 1968 until his resignation from the air force in 1970, is now a free-lance writer.*

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a member of the House Armed Services Committee, placed in the *Congressional Record* several documents which revealed that the Republican National Committee and the league had become buddies. One of the documents was a letter, dated April 14, 1971, to the league's board members from Joan M. Vinson, then the league's national coordinator, which informed them that final plans had been made with the Republican National Committee, through its finance director, Robert P. Odell, to use the committee's lists of supporters to raise money for league activities. The committee also found the league a firm to do its fund-raising mailing. The deal was to be kept secret. Wrote Mrs. Vinson: "Most importantly, no one will know that we are using the lists owned by the Republican National Committee. The committee itself has got to protect its donors. So the mailing will be done in such a way that the Republican donors will not know their names have been supplied by the Republican National Committee." (The league's mailing grossed about $130,000, but about $80,000 was taken by the firm for its "expenses.")

When the league was organized in 1969, it asked for and received the cooperation of the armed services in recruiting members. Each of the services periodically sends families of missing or imprisoned servicemen newsletters. Most of the league's 2700 members were recruited as a result, according to Mrs. Vinson. The Pentagon has flown league members to functions throughout the country.

Not all the families have been happy with this alliance. A new group, POW/MIA Families for Immediate Release, was formed a year ago to lobby for complete US withdrawal from Southeast Asia, the only policy it believes can lead to immediate repatriation of the POWs and an accounting of the MIAs. The group has about 350 members compared to the league's 2700 and it operates without the Pentagon's blessing. The group asked the Pentagon to list it in the newsletters to POW and MIA families but was turned down. "While your objective—the release of prisoners—is humanitarian," wrote a Pentagon functionary, "the efforts of your group are political." The Department of Defense, it seems, regards such league activities as trips to Paris to negotiate with a foreign power (North Vietnam) or to Geneva to negotiate with an international agency (The Red Cross) as "nonpolitical," whereas petitioning one's own government for a redress of grievances—a First Amendment right—is in the forbidden "political" category.

COMING: John Dewey on education—a reconsideration by Joseph Featherstone

One of the founding members of Families for Immediate Release—and that organization's entire Washington staff—is Sheila Cronin whose brother, navy Lieutenant Commander Michael Cronin, has been a prisoner of war in North Vietnam since January 1967. A Red Cross social worker at the army's Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington until last fall, she set up a table at the league's Washington meeting in September to recruit members for the new group. On the final day of its meeting, the league had what she calls a "formal, gala evening," which she observed but did not attend.

"It was unbelievable," said Ms. Cronin. "All the women had officer-escorts. All the top brass were there—Nixon, Laird, Westmoreland, and all the other chiefs of staff. What did they have to celebrate? Their husbands were starving in prisons, and here was everyone responsible for the war, sitting as guests of honor."

The distance between the league and the new group can be seen in a statement the Families for Immediate Release sent to the press on April 13, 1972, to condemn the step-up in the bombing of North Vietnam: "President Nixon uses us [the families of POWs and MIAs] and our men as his excuse for continuing the war in Southeast Asia. We are his excuse for breaking off the peace talks. We are his excuse for avoiding meaningful negotiation on ending the war. . . . But he's not really doing these things because of us. He's doing them so that he won't have to admit he sent 20,000 Americans to their deaths for a mistake."

The President made a surprise appearance at the league's dinner last September and, in an apparent reference to the then-secret Paris trips of Henry Kissinger, said, "I can assure you that every negotiating channel—and now I say something here that I am sure all of you will understand—including many private channels that have not yet been disclosed, have been pursued, are being pursued, and will be pursued." Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird followed the President with more of the same: "I pray that you will continue to have the inner resources to maintain that dignity and that courage until the day on which uncertainty ends and on which those who are prisoners are reunited with their loved ones. I want to reaffirm my pledge to you that we will not forget your husbands, your sons, your brothers—and we will not forget you."

Last September it was sufficient to pacify them, but this May the mood was different. "Where do we go from here?" was the theme of a symposium the league held in Washington. Three days of caucuses, speeches and resolutions provided no direct answer to the question, but the symposium may have marked a new point of departure for the league. Its members are no

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longer in lock step with the administration.

One of the first resolutions presented on the final day criticized President Nixon's Vietnamization policy, which "has thus far failed to provide any results toward resolving the MIA/POW problem." It passed overwhelmingly, and a three-woman delegation was elected to "question the President" about what he intends to do to win the release of the POWs. A later resolution calling upon the American people and Congress to "show unity in standing behind our government and President Nixon in their efforts to gain identification and release of our men" prompted an amendment to delete "and President Nixon." It passed in a heavy chorus of "ayes."

The break with the administration was far from complete. A strongly worded resolution citing the failure of the President to deliver on his 1968 campaign promise to end the war and win the release of POWs was defeated. Many league members are still reluctant to "go political." The league's counsel, a former Department of Defense lawyer, constantly warns that partisanship could cost the league its tax-exempt status. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the chief of naval operations, told the symposium that "the best way to get the prisoners back is to defeat the North Vietnamese."

In September the league will hold its next—and it hopes, last—annual convention in Washington. If three more months of Vietnamization have failed to bring the prisoners home, the league's "politicals" may find themselves in the majority. Perhaps then, the league will break with nonpartisanship and actively work to defeat the candidates who want something out of the Vietnam War other than the American prisoners. If it does not, it will learn what so many nonpolitical groups with political objectives have learned: to be neutral in the political arena is to be unarmed.

Nixon's Next Option

Bombing the Dikes

by D. Gareth Porter

North Vietnamese society, based on agriculture and a highly motivated and resourceful labor force, has one major vulnerability—the vulnerability of its food supply to destruction by floods. The destruction of that food supply by flooding is Mr. Nixon's only remaining military option. He's bombing the ports, power transformers, rail lines and bridges; next he can bomb the dams and dikes of the Red River Delta.

The possibility arises because of the extreme unevenness of precipitation in the North; about 85 percent of its annual rainfall will come during the coming months, peaking in July, August and September in the most fertile rice-producing area. During the rainy season the Red River becomes swollen, often nearing the top of its dikes. If those dikes are breached or broken, floods will cause paddy fields to become waterlogged and the rice crop to be lost, even if other damage is minimized. And if the Red River overflows, it will probably mean serious floods in the other river valleys of Central North Vietnam as well.

North Vietnam's people have suffered floods during the rainy season—and droughts during the dry season—many times in their history, but the worst of all was in 1944 when 25 sections of the Red River dikes were broken and some 225,000 hectares of riceland, or about one-fourth of the total under cultivation, were ruined. That natural calamity became an atrocity when the Japanese occupation authority requisitioned much of the available paddy for its own purposes, leaving an estimated two million Vietnamese to starve to death.

Last year, flood waters smashed through a 30-mile section of the delta's dikes, wiping out large parts of the 1971 autumn rice crop, which was then being harvested and the 1972 winter crop, which is only now being harvested. Because of the importation of food from Russia and China and relief efforts, there apparently was no starvation. When systematic US bombing of the North began in 1965, a civilian army of 200,000 men and women was formed to patrol the branches of the Red River for any ruptures in the dikes, whose destruction would threaten mass starvation.

Air attacks on the dike system would have to be

D. GARETH PORTER *is a PhD candidate in the Southeast Asia program at Cornell University and was Saigon bureau chief for Dispatch News Service in 1971.*

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combined with all-out bombing to prevent the import of sufficient foodstuffs overland from China. The Johnson administration gave serious consideration to just such a plan, based in part on the analysis of the Central Intelligence Agency, which said in January, 1967, "Bombing the levee system which keeps the Red River under control, if timed correctly, could cause large crop losses and force North Vietnam to import large amounts of rice. Depending on the success of the interdiction efforts, such imports might overload the transport system." But the military effects of such a policy, the CIA correctly observed, would be "limited and short-lived." Such proposals were rejected, and Secretary McNamara's memorandum of May 16, 1967 explained why: "There may be a limit beyond which many Americans and most of the world would not permit the United States to go," he wrote.

Although the systematic targeting of the Red River dikes and dams was ruled out, this did not mean that they were never hit. Attacks on dikes surrounding the city of Namdinh in 1966 were reported by *New York Times* correspondent Harrison Salisbury during his trip to the North. According to city officials, US planes dropped six bombs on a two-kilometer section of the dike on May 31 and again on July 14. As the water level of the Dao River continued to rise, American planes returned on July 20 and July 31 to hit the dikes repeatedly. The Pentagon responded to Salisbury's report by saying the real target was a transshipment facility in Namdinh, and that, in any case, "repairs would not be difficult and . . . accidental damage inflicted on it would not necessarily show up on later intelligence photography taken subsequent to repairs." Many such "accidents" occurred from 1965 through 1968, seemingly intended to force North Vietnam to divert manpower to repairing the damage. (In the case of Namdinh, the population worked for 20 straight days to repair the dike.)

Nevertheless, US bombing was not intended to cause major flooding in the Red River Delta. As we know from the Pentagon Papers, the joint chiefs were never satisfied with this restriction and pressed for both the removal of restraints on the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong, "with the expected increase in civilian casualties to be accepted as militarily justified and necessary," and the systematic targeting of dikes and dams as well.

The precedent for striking flood control systems as "strategic targets" for the purpose of starving the enemy into submission was set near the end of the Korean War, when the US air force was authorized to destroy all North Korean irrigation dams. On May 13, 1953, 20 air force F-4s destroyed the Toksan irrigation dam, causing a flash flood which inundated 27 miles of valley farmlands. Two other dams were bombed for the same purpose; the remainder were scheduled for attack when the armistice intervened.

American memories are short. Only a few years before, the flooding of agricultural land by a Nazi enemy had been considered a heinous crime. The German high commissioner in Holland, Seyss-Inquart, who opened the dikes of that country at the end of 1944 and flooded approximately 500,000 acres of land, was hanged as a war criminal by the Nuremburg Tribunal —despite the fact that he stopped the flooding after being warned by the Allied High Command and agreed to help in relief efforts.

But that was a crime against white Europeans. In North Vietnam, as in North Korea, the distinction between military and civilian targets is barely perceptible. As marine Commandant Wallace M. Greene, Jr., testified before the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee on October 23, 1967, "We are at war with North Vietnam right now . . . , and we shouldn't be so much interested in [the North Vietnamese people's] anger as we are in bringing the war home to every one of them up there." Army Chief of Staff Harold K. Johnson was more blunt: "I put 'innocent civilians' in quotation marks," he said.

The joint chiefs, having lost in the previous administration, are now renewing pressures on the President to attack the dams and dikes. With the fear of direct Soviet and Chinese intervention receding, the Nixon administration may not be as constrained as its predecessor. At any rate, Mr. Nixon has publicly kept this option open. In Texas on April 30, he was asked about bombing the dams and dikes of North Vietnam. His answer, carefully phrased, could be interpreted both as a warning to Hanoi and a trial balloon at home. First he called the dikes and dams "strategic targets," indicating his acceptance of the joint chiefs' doctrine that they are legitimate targets. He went on to say that bombing the dikes and dams could cause "an enormous number of civilian casualties" and that this was something which "we need to avoid" and also "something we believe is not needed." But he did not rule out such attacks at some future time.

Twelve days later, after serious reversals had been suffered by the Saigon army, Hanoi radio reported that US bombers had knocked out a section of the dike protecting Hanoi from the waters of the Red River. *Nhan Dan*, the Lao Dong Party's newspaper, reported that flood control dikes in many areas of the country's four southern provinces had been hit. These breaks, which could presumably still be repaired in time to avoid flooding from the coming heavy rains, might have been accidents, but they might also have been intended to remind Hanoi that the dikes could be breached. If the President does choose to use this remaining option, he will move swiftly and secretly. Congress and the public would once again be faced with a *fait accompli*, and left once again, with nothing to do but express regrets. Those in Congress who want to prevent this crime would be well advised to raise the issue now—while there is still time.

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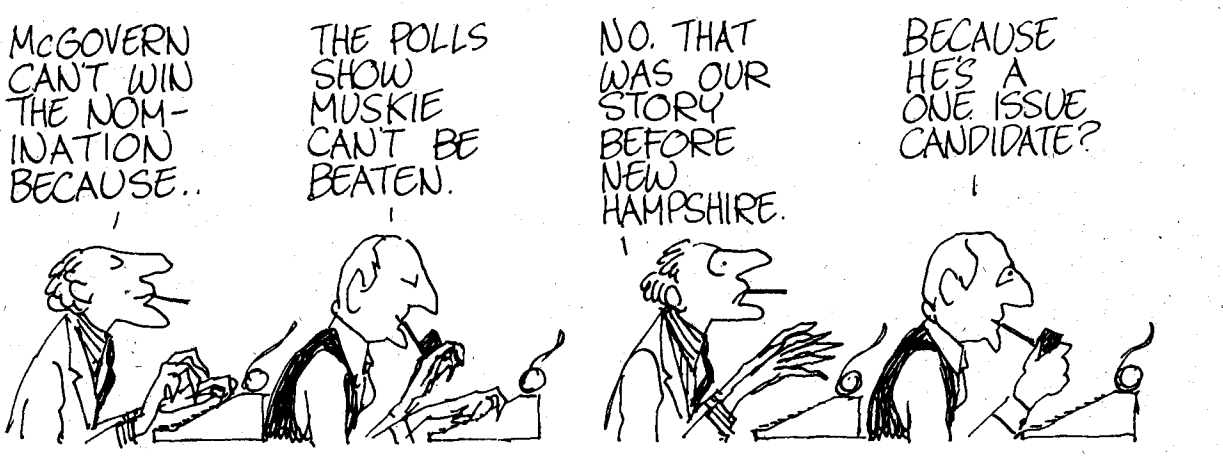
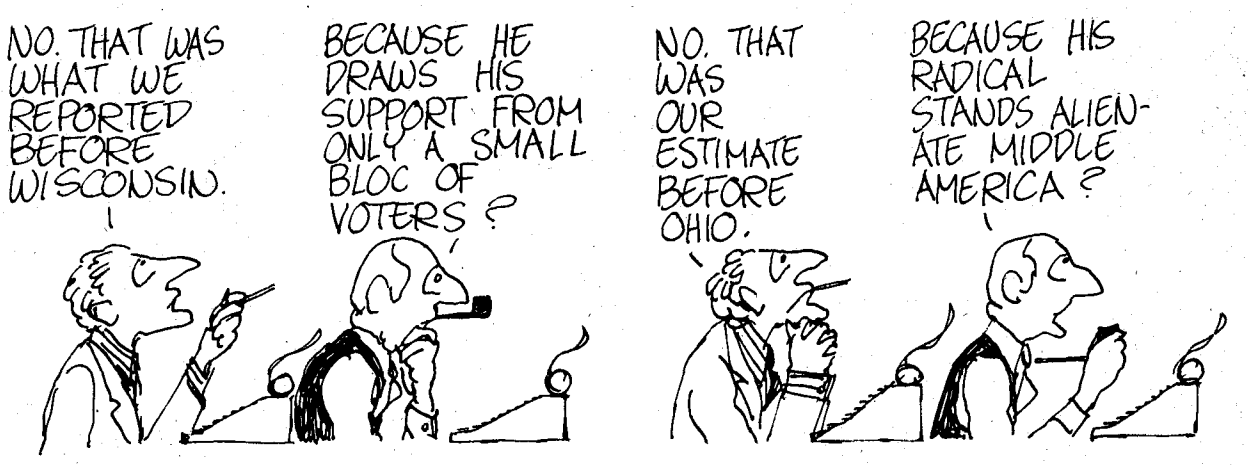
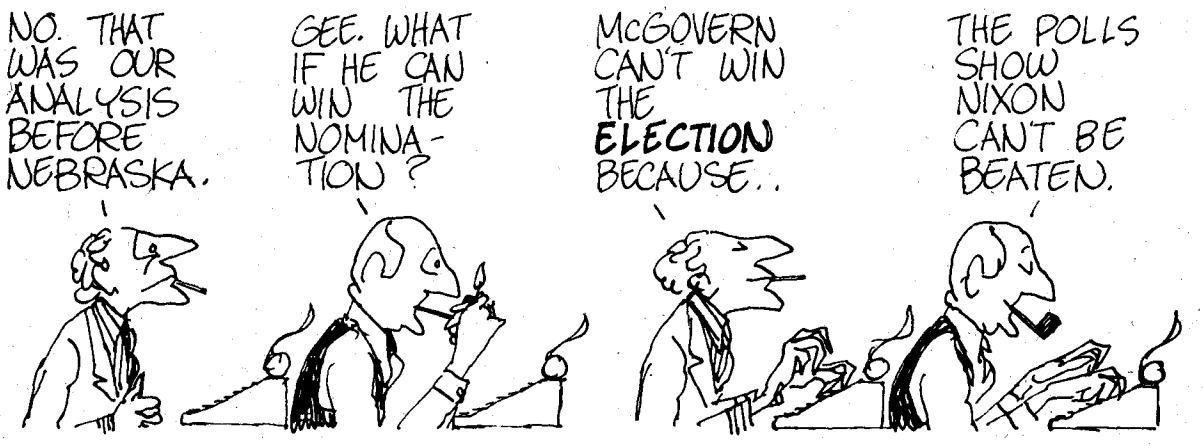

McGOVERN CAN'T WIN THE NOMINATION BECAUSE..
THE POLLS SHOW MUSKIE CAN'T BE BEATEN.
NO. THAT WAS OUR STORY BEFORE NEW HAMPSHIRE.
BECAUSE HE'S A ONE ISSUE CANDIDATE?


NO. THAT WAS WHAT WE REPORTED BEFORE WISCONSIN.
BECAUSE HE DRAWS HIS SUPPORT FROM ONLY A SMALL BLOC OF VOTERS?
NO. THAT WAS OUR ESTIMATE BEFORE OHIO.
BECAUSE HIS RADICAL STANDS ALIENATE MIDDLE AMERICA?


NO. THAT WAS OUR ANALYSIS BEFORE NEBRASKA.
GEE. WHAT IF HE CAN WIN THE NOMINATION?
McGOVERN CAN'T WIN THE ELECTION BECAUSE..
THE POLLS SHOW NIXON CAN'T BE BEATEN.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Older People
(Anspacher)

That Championship Season
(Newman)

John Ford Noonan, a name I'll remember, is a young man who has written a play about old people. It comes coincidentally when the subject is much in the air, with the publication of Simone de Beauvoir's book, but Noonan is not treating a social problem; nor is he building stage traps for pathos. Insofar as heartstrings are tugged in this play, it is only because we insist on it, against the tenor of the work itself, as in Peter Nichols' *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*. Our seemingly independent insistence is, of course, part of the playwright's design, but it's an agreeable, mature collaboration.

Noonan's play is a series of 13 playlets, with only some small internal connection, principally connected by the fact that all the roles are played by the same six actors in a continuous, overlapping production. The subjects of the sketches are not in themselves terribly important, but here are some of them: an aging couple who must now spend nights apart because the husband's bad back forces him to sleep on the kitchen floor; a fading, fattening woman who tries for a last show-biz boost from a former boy friend who is himself a faded film star; a pair of aging homosexuals who try to part but don't; two old songwriters (they are in two sketches) who try to remember the words of one of their songs and subsequently meet the woman who once inspired it. There are three sketches about three old ladies which, in their poetic abstraction, reminded me of that other (and stronger) play about old people by a young man, John Arden's *The Happy Haven*. Noonan's old ladies speak always in phrases ending in the vowel "ay"—it could have been any vowel; he had to choose one—as a metaphor of the reduction of powers and the floating-away from reality of many older people.

Those three rhyming sketches are the most explicit instances of the scheme and theme of the play. It is not a play of sentiment but of hate: hatred for the very idea of age, posited in moments of parting or attempted parting or reunion. Noonan's animus rests, obviously, on love, a love of life; one can't really hate age, one couldn't really loathe all that nonsense about serene sunset years, if one didn't enjoy living and hate the idea of seeing it constricted. The grotesquerie, which lies ahead of all of us, is seen here with humor and inevitable fellowship by a young man—in an era when, more than usual, most young people believe they will be young forever.

The most attractive esthetic element in the play is Noonan's modal distortion. Every playlet except the rhyming ones starts off fairly realistically; then actions and language stretch it slightly out of shape, in or out or sideways, and the seeming realism begins to distend like Modigliani. Noonan is interested in refraction rather than representation, and he uses the theater as a place to bend realities in order to sting our consciousness of the event. A conventional scene of a couple at an airport, flustered and excited, becomes a revelation of worried vulgar people vulgarized further by a situation strange for them. The first scene of the second act starts out as a conventional visit by one old man to another; then it turns into a replay of a scene we saw earlier. Roger pays Stanley to replay a scene with him in which a woman left Roger for Stanley. The very last scene starts out with a scientist's widow about to deliver her late husband's posthumous lecture, and it slides into an exposure of her own desperation in the gathering shadows.

The evening is a series of intelligent, vitally *theatrical* probes. (The last one is the only really weak one, and a poor way to finish.) It is never uninteresting because Noonan attacks from various angles and always with well-controlled, well-phrased, incisive rudeness, but it is finally not satisfactory because it is a demonstration of these qualities, rather than a thoroughly absorbed, self-effacing use of them. His play is a series of esthetic-surgical dissections, which could be longer or shorter, which for all its poetic genesis is observed, not engaging. Still it is an evening of discrete rewards. Work of this quality is far from commonplace.

Noonan has had two other off-Broadway productions, which I missed. I will certainly try not to miss further Noonan.

The six actors are Will Hare, Bette Henritze, Bernard Hughes, Polly Rowles, Stefan Schnabel, and Madeleine Sherwood, all to be mentioned because all of them have a good time being imaginatively effective. Ming Cho Lee designed a reticent backdrop which has a high open window looking out on blue infinity—beyond life, presumably. Mel Shapiro directed, and I mean no slur when I say that it is the sort of play that is easy for a gifted man to direct well. The world of the play is exactly what

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin is the rather remote begetter of this glittery musical. Much better than average, just not as important as it thinks.

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg. An English couple with a helpless spastic child. Peter Nichols, the author, Alan Bates and Janet Suzman, the couple, play breezily *against* the obvious pathos for some real pathos.

Gumshoe. A breezy but bored Liverpool night-club comic opts for the Bogart life and lingo. Albert Finney keeps the fantasy funny.

The Hospital. George C. Scott blasts off in a wobbly but often bright Paddy Chayefsky script about a middle-aged New York doctor and his young doxy.

Pocket Money. A modern, funny anti-Western. Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are endearing as two cattle-buying bumblers. Rambles, but very pleasantly.

The Sorrow and the Pity. A 4½ hour documentary—the shortest 4½ hours conceivable—about occupied France and some survivors today. Intelligent, humane, truly unforgettable.

Tokyo Story. A gentle masterpiece by Yasujiro Ozu, about parents and children and the passage of one's life. If any of these subjects happens to interest you, insist that a local manager book it—from New Yorker Films.

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Books on Music

Stravinsky: The Chronicle of a Friendship

by Robert Craft

(Knopf; $12.50)

Walt Whitman & Opera

by Robert D. Faner

(Southern Illinois University Press; $2.55)

Music Primer

by Lou Harrison

(C. F. Peters Inc.; $4)

Twenty-three years ago conductor Robert Craft, now 48, became and remained the person closest in proximity and confidence to Igor and Vera Stravinsky. From their first meeting in Washington in 1948 until the composer's funeral in Venice last year, Craft has catalogued the relationship with Boswellian acuteness. Over the past 13 years the catalogue has become public in six books, three in the form of conversations, three others partly in the form of diaries. Now those diaries, along with some final entries, have been collected into a single volume named *Stravinsky: The Chronicle of a Friendship*.

The distinguishing feature of a journal as opposed to a memoir is on-the-spot reaction, the writer's truth as he feels it, not as he felt it. If that truth is no more "truthful" for being in the first person, it does contain the defining character of immediacy. The intimate journal is a literary form used almost solely by the French. They keep it as a sideline, a book about how hard it is to write a book. Not only France's authors, from Rousseau and Baudelaire to Amiel and Green, but her other artists too, like Berlioz and Delacroix, de Gaulle and Poulenc, have made literature of their lives. The genre has never been popular with non-French continentals, still less with the British who prefer autobiography, and it is virtually unpracticed by Americans who, with all due liberation and collective carnality, do retain a decorum toward their personal selves. (We know more about the actual life of André Gide than we do about that of John Rechy.)

Robert Craft has therefore brought us something rare, no less for its singularity of device than for its superiority of content. Avoiding the archetypical diarist's self-portrait painted in confessional tones, Robert Craft instead portrays a milieu—a milieu as experienced through a friend who happens to be the most influential musician of the 20th century. No such book has ever been written on a composer. No frank first-hand reports, certainly no literary ones, exist on, say, so tantalizing a personage as Maurice Ravel; to realize how recent yet how forever lost the human Ravel has now become (or Debussy or Brahms or Schubert or Haydn or Bach) is to value Craft's diary the more. In a great man no detail is boring, be it about his art or about the quotidian society affecting that art. But perhaps a life, as distinct from a life's work, can be immortalized only when it has been largely public. If Ravel was a recluse, Igor Stravinsky was always most colorfully outward.

His outward color has long been on record, first in the autobiography *Chroniques de Ma Vie*, said to have been ghosted by the Franco-Russian musicologist Pierre Souvchintzky, and later in the lectures called *Poetics of Music*, said to have been ghosted by the French composer Roland-Manuel. The books exude the cultured wit we know still better through Robert Craft, himself a sometime ghostwriter for the master. That Craft authored many an interview credited to Stravinsky has long been common knowledge to the musical community, though lately the public has learned of it with outrage. Why outrage? when Craft merely interpreted Stravinsky's intellectual thought in communicative English, even as he interpreted the composer's musical thought from the podium. To charge that words give new meaning to thoughts, and therefore that these thoughts became Craft's, is to assume that an interpreter can invent the thoughts of a creative man. We must assume only that a great musician need not be an equally great annotator, that Stravinsky was in fact a great talker, and that there may be more than one real version of how Stravinsky lived and loved. As to the present chronicle, there is current controversy as to its authenticity too, as though authentic art were measured by fact. Since the choice of genre is authentic for Craft, and since Craft is an artist, the result must be authentic for us, because art speaks truth even in lies (witness the royal portraits by how many great painters!). Nor is there reason to think that Stravinsky himself did not sanction those minor adjustments of time and place which are any illustrator's prerogative.

Read the book then as a guide to international intelligentsia, with snapshots of the great in discussion with Stravinsky (often over alcoholic meals): Eliot, Genet, Borges, Khrushchev, Giacometti, Forster, Cocteau, Graham Greene, St.-Jean Perse, plus an enlarged portrait of W. H. Auden and an x-ray of Aldous Huxley. The chronicle is also a travelogue through a dozen nations whose orchestral forces and audience responses are criticized, along with Stravinsky's reaction—gustatory and intestinal—to local menus. And his reaction to all flora, fauna and idea, most particularly expressive in the long account of his return after 50 years to his native Russia.

The book is a diary in the real sense of depicting Stravinsky's days of finicky order in his own work and of unflagging interest in other people's. The days bring continuous remembrance of Diaghelevian things past, enjoyment of the tangible present (high gossip or the nightly phonograph recital), and apprehension about the future pressing ever more heavily on Stravinsky's weaken-

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ing flesh.

The closing entries detail excruciatingly the decline and collapse of the great artist's body in which the brain continues inventive, then of its death and burial, complete with throngs and TV cameras, in the lagoons of Italy.

In this warts-and-all portrayal of a famous family no attitude seems too subtle for clarity, no emotion too private for exposure, no musical concept too complex for elucidation. So seamless is the design that it is almost a relief to discover a rare flaw in language ("*Elle a du chien*" means "She has class," never "She's a bitch"), a contradiction in viewpoint ("Stravinsky's genius is wrapped—for protection from musical data—in a vacuum," although the remainder of the book shows the contrary), or a misreading of camp (Auden's "You have ruined Mother's Day" should read ". . . mother's day").

Robert Craft himself remains aloof, all-knowing, while he involves the reader in the very textures of life—in champagne and sweat, in nocturnal anxiety and colored inks, and above all in the ever present world of musical sound. Since he is able (yet it's impossible!) to evoke that world through words, he proves again that he is not only compassionate and sometimes quite wickedly funny, but the most readable and intelligent living writer on music.

Robert Faner's *Walt Whitman & Opera* is sometimes inadvertently funny, but from the standpoint of an American composer or historian it is often beneath contempt. The first of its two long sections belabors the simple matter of Whitman's musical background, interpreting facts so eccentrically that *Pale Fire* pales by comparison. The author describes the Great Gray Poet's early hopes for an indigenous musical language, a language that might evolve through the folk material and so-called "heart songs" of the period. These hopes, referred to here as handicaps, were abandoned as the poet's musical tastes (though not his technical knowledge) developed, and by mid-century his interest centered in the Great Operatic Masterpieces of Europe. These are understood to be the *bel canto* repertory of Donizetti, Bellini and Rossini, no less popular in America then, as sung by virtuosos like Marietta Alboni, than now as revived by our Joan Sutherlands.

The second section, "Analysis," deals with Whitman's poetic usage of his musical experience, complete with a four-page list indicating the frequency of appearance in *Leaves of Grass* of some 300 "musical" words (one cadenza, five ballad, six opera characters by name, 77 chant, 117 sing, etc.).

Like so many studies that smell of the doctorate, this one, by redundancy and by misplaced enthusiasm, succeeds in diminishing its subject. Whitman is forced to share the limitations of his biographer. The entire treatise is based on one false assumption: that a certain kind of second-rate music is in fact first rate. *Bel canto* is not serious music, or even serious opera. *Bel canto* is to opera what pole-vaulting is to ballet, the glorification of a performer's prowess and not of a creator's imagination.

Though opera may have been, as the author insists, a fundamental influence upon Walt Whitman, the fundamental did not necessarily loom all that large. For each "operatic" reference in Whitman's work there are a hundred references to the war. Whitman loved music passionately because he loved everything passionately; he played the rough-and-tumble naturalist as heartily as he played the Italianate connoisseur. The passion that drew him to popular songs in what he called "nigger dialect" certainly drew him later to the excellence of Mozart operas.

Such vast research might nonetheless be a useful exercise were not the major assumption buttressed on nearly every page by minor follies. Take the question of melody. With melody defined as "based on repetition" (a definition that even Whitman would have resisted, although the author here inexplicably uses "Ol' Man River" to prove his point), Whitman is made to be a melodist: "Few other poets have ever used repetition with an effect so closely paralleling melodic form." If the arts could be paralleled we would need only one art. But if analogies must be drawn, would not rhythm seem the common denominator between music and words? No mere sentence but a whole chapter is devoted to the melody theory.

Another chapter, misnamed "Diction," devotes itself to the poet's vocabulary, how he used technical words in non-technical ways. Like *romanza*. Except that *romanza* is no more a technical term than sonata. Both may be forms, but have nothing to do with the technique of performance or of composition. Nor is the use by Whitman of *cantabile* as a noun unusual, since that word *is* a noun. Nor does chromatic mean "giving all the tones of the chromatic scale." Chromatic pertains to color. Whitman was usually right.

The strangest chapter is "Recitative and Aria." To show how the poet modeled his prosody on Verdi, Mr. Faner quotes music from that composer's *Ernani*, with the text beneath the notes *in English!* The author details the subtlety by which Verdi has set each verbal phrase, although we know that Verdi did not speak, much less compose in, the English language.

Like most theses, this one is a harmless game. The purpose for this brief discussion is: now that we know what Whitman took from musicians, why not a book on what musicians took from Whitman? More than any poet since Shakespeare the words of Whitman have been internationally musicalized. An examination of that fact would prove no less pointless than the present book and might demonstrate how certain composers (Delius, for instance, or Kurt Weill, or Hindemith, or Otto Luening) have "misinterpreted" the master with genius rather than pedantry.

A newish composer, George Crumb, has lately received much acclaim for his (let's call them) sonorous canvases—skillfully stretched sheets of sound-effects offered as ends in themselves. Well, for 35 years another composer, Lou Harrison, has been concocting similar backgrounds, with the added difference that he paints pretty tunes upon them. Crumb is Harrison without the tunes, but younger and so newsworthy. But Harrison has now come out with a sort of book. If it won't exactly make him a star, it will add light to his special obscurity.

Music Primer is a 50-page handwritten notebook of everything this composer knows about being a composer. The knowledge is dispensed so engagingly that the book makes an ideal gift for precocious young people weary of cornball Music Appreciation texts. Harrison is a composer who, in a language you can understand, tells you how to compose. There are pages of crystalline maxims, earthy advice and charts of exercises geared to start off a pupil immediately on the creation of music rather than theory.

A portion of these maxims form Harrison's version of Eastern wisdom ("Chinese opera is complete musical theater, for it includes and offers all that can be done with text and music. Plain speech, unaccompanied. Plain speech accompanied. Rhythmicized speech unaccompanied. Rhythmicized speech ac-

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companied. Song unaccompanied, etc., up to and including Chorus accompanied.") He spent years in Korea and the results of his study there are shown through the music itself rather than through talk about the music. In orientology Harrison is the most informed Western composer since the lamented Henry Cowell. He is practical too ("There are really four kinds of compositions: Voluntary, Suggested, Requested, Commissioned. Best of all is when someone commissions an already begun voluntary work!"), and thrillingly indignant, as when dissecting copyright ("If the public deems our works sufficiently valuable to go to the trouble to claim them by laws, then why does it not 'Keep' us, or recompense us in the manner indicated?? Instead it seems to fancy that out greatest desire, even Need, is to Please it!").

Harrison is one of the most original composers today, right in the American grain of Charles Ives and Harry Partch. You won't find *Music Primer* in stores, but for four dollars you can order it directly from the music publishers, C. F. Peters Inc., 373 Park Avenue South, New York City 10016.

A last charming quote: "The 'correct' music is usually swept away by musicians impatient to make music in their own way. Once formed and correctly notated, Gregorian Chant soon lost its rhythms and then its tunes. Today the younger European-style composers often abandon precise notation or even precise forming & 'give it all back to' the performer. This is very understandable—the young are no longer much allowed to plan their lives; why should they plan their music?" Well, Lou Harrison's book is an attractive reason why. And it's ever so gay, in the Yeatsian sense that all art, whatever its subject, by being regenerative, or just by being, is optimistic.

Ned Rorem

Questions

1. Why is the universe mysterious?
Why should it be? Did someone make it so?
And if he did, was it as having us
In mind, and our importunate will to know?

Echo answers, the radar of the mind,
Receiving what it sends, but modified.
The breath of language goes out on the wind,
The drumming on the eardrum comes inside.

What was it drew the spirit from the stone,
Giving so much and hiding so much more?
And does the temptress of the To Be Known
Summon across a sea that has no shore?

2. Or will the whole relation end somewhere
In libraries abandoned, books decayed,
Language itself no longer in the air
And men relapsing from an eon's raid

Into the other mind? Where would it go,
Where be, the knowledge that we never had?
Would we remember what it was to know,
Be teased for a time by dreams of going mad

With nearly knowing or half-remembering
Idolatries of truth we could not keep,
Before the icy dark began to sing,
Rocking the cradle of our backward sleep?

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An American Prophet

Socialism

by Michael Harrington

(Saturday Review Press; $12.50)

As we march through history, our direction so much influenced by the past, our time and energy consumed by the demands of the present, there always seem to be, thank God, a few visionaries around; they seek the high land and try to tell us, after finding out for themselves, where we seem headed. Not that everyone who talks about the future of this or any other nation is worth listening to. Each century has produced its fair share of moral monsters, third-rate hucksters or political confidence men, all masquerading as far-sighted statesmen. Yet, men of wisdom and courage have also been around from the very beginning, though by no means have they had the clout to do much more than speak out or set down in words what in their judgment is going on, and just as important, what ought to be going on, come a better day. And maybe, through some dialectical twist that Hegel and Karl Marx alike could not possibly foresee (neither of them pretended to paint in the details of the huge canvas whose outline both men claimed knowledge of) there is something about a highly developed capitalist society that not only makes for material abundance but a surfeit of prophets, if not idiot-savants; certainly we in today's America have no shortage of social critics and self-appointed oracles; and book publishing being what it is, not to mention television with its "talk shows," they have wide access to readers and listeners—us, the hungry and confused, and upon occasion the thoroughly gullible. So, when a book like Michael Harrington's *Socialism* comes out one wonders not only about the intrinsic value of what has been written, but its larger significance. A sign of the times, that such a man and his ideas seem to be reaching more and more people? An eccentric outburst, doomed to change, *really* change, no one and nothing? A brave effort, alright, but one rather quickly destined to be undercut by the apparently limitless capacity of this society to stop a second and savor things, acclaim to high heaven what has come along, then go on to the next moment's opportunities?

Harrington himself must wonder what possibilities might someday appear for America's Socialist Party, of which he now has become a leader, Norman Thomas' successor—if anyone, however gifted and forceful, can quite do that. Michael Harrington may even have a wry sense of detachment about his book: perhaps he hopes it will persuade many who call themselves "liberals" or "progressives," not to mention some who bandy around the word "radical" to suit their own purposes (self-enhancement, self-righteous assault on others, gratuitous and faddish posturing), that the time has come for those who analyze this nation's economic and political life to do so thoroughly and pointedly. For the fact is, as Harrington points out in his book, that the word "socialism" has become an oddly ignored or feared one in the United States; many shun it without even knowing what it stands for, and many know in their bones rather than their heads what it stands for. A mine owner I onced talked with in eastern Kentucky gave a good working definition: "It means I'll lose my money and power, and so will the other stockholders, and instead everything that comes out of this place will go into one big common pool, and I'll be a nobody, just another citizen, I guess."

Unlike him, a number of people secretly think socialism is a fine idea, a great thing to dream about—but let's be *practical*, they say, which means reminding oneself that no one can get away with calling himself a "socialist" and hope to accomplish anything, hence the need for evasive substitute words, and the insistence on piecemeal programs, undertaken with the silent and pious conviction that in the end it will somehow come about, the redistribution of money and power men like Harrington have dreamed of and fought for and foretold as (hopefully) a future reality. On the other hand many who call themselves "liberals" sincerely struggle for social and political change, but just as sincerely shrink back from the implications of socialism, even the democratic kind, which in this book is held to be the only *true* kind. If only, they insist, a greater degree of control might be exerted on the erring, self-satisfied corporations. If only the military were curbed, the FBI (and now, the Supreme Court) rendered more responsive to the spirit of Tom Paine rather than that of the merchants and landowners who also (for their own purposes) fought against England in the 18th century. If only, to draw upon a contemporary way of putting the matter, the populist tradition (the better side of that tradition, one quickly adds) were to be revived, this time successfully, so that the White House and Congress would fall under its spell.

Harrington would naturally welcome such developments; he is no idealogue, no arrogant and self-centered theoretician who scorns the immediate, the concrete, the less than perfect encounter with the present that those who work for (rather than dream and write about) a utopian future have to take for granted. He is active in a political party, and active also as an ally of America's labor unions. Still, there is in him the historian and the philosopher, and maybe too, the theologian—and in *Socialism* it is those sides he has drawn upon. The result is a powerful and convincing statement, broad in its command of facts, deep in its examination of various economic and political systems, tempting in its analysis of man's psychological capabilities, as they emerge, given favoring circumstances, in the larger world we refer to collectively as "the society"; and finally, it is a statement that can sometimes become unnerving to many of us—because of the implied questions that come across repeatedly in the author's narrative, though he is too kind and tactful to force them upon us. (Maybe he is also re-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NED ROREM *is the composer of both orchestral and choral works, and the author of five books.* JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS *is the author of* Uncommon Sense *(Harper & Row). Poet* HOWARD NEMEROV *has just had published a collection of essays,* Reflexions on Poetry & Poetics *(Rutgers University Press).*

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signed in a way Kierkegaard as well as Karl Marx knew how to be: when the time comes for those questions to assert themselves persuasively, they will; any attempt to push them on people, or more grandly, push up that time, is at the least presumptuous.)

The questions have to do with fundamentals, of course, nothing less than the economic and moral basis of the nation's institutions: the profit motive, the nature of capitalism and its connection with imperialism—the old-fashioned kind, but also the more sophisticated kind, wherein corporations rather than armies enter those "foreign lands." By the same token, the questions are personal. What kind of children *can* we bring up, however enlightened and decent our schools, however knowing and helpful our child psychiatrists and educational psychologists, and on and on, if in the clutch every boy and girl eventually gets to learn that he or she either controls or is controlled, either works day in, day out for wages others set at their convenience or takes in profits as they accumulate, with no obligation to do anything in particular for anyone, including those whose work in the first place made the whole thing possible? Socialists answer that a transformation of capitalist society is necessary. They say that individualistic economic forces have to be brought under social control, and until that happens slaves working on plantations will give way to cannery workers or migrant farmers employed by agribusinesses; and unorganized men and women crowded into sweat shops for 12 hours a day and up will give way to a labor force strengthened by the power of unions, at work eight hours a day in bigger, less dangerous factories—but still, the basic nature of the society will persist: a relative handful owns a lot, whereas the large majority of people have a kind of "enough" that never even remotely approximates, either politically or economically, what those few on top and near the top claim as a right.

For Harrington, as for Karl Marx, whom he so very much admires, the point is not to shout and scream at the "bosses" and their ever-ready lackeys. There is a certain grandeur to Marxist historical reasoning, and it comes across strikingly, refreshingly perhaps in these rancorous times, as the author writes about the history of socialism, which he does in great detail. Human history is seen as the outcome of never ending struggles for power engaged in by

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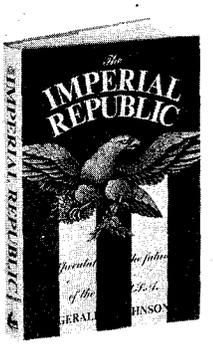

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various classes. The cause of these struggles is the "powers of production" —the issue of who gains command over all that man has learned to take from nature and build up into something valuable and productive. As that struggle goes on, social forces develop and become institutionalized, property rights become consolidated, class relationships get arranged and rearranged; and all of that (since Marx knew full well, despite what some critics say, that men do not live by bread alone) is sustained and given sanction by various political and ideological systems, some rather explicitly tied to the "powers and principalities" involved, some vaguer and more philosophical, perhaps in recognition of a changing and uncertain moment in history, when new "interests" are set to take over.

At such moments definite discontinuities arise in particular societies; social and political structures reflecting a given "stage" in the relationship between classes become obsolete. A struggle ensues, and new structures appear. The struggles can be slow or dramatically brief, and again, can involve ideas and values as well as votes or arms. In fact the struggles, one is to believe, *are* history; they are what decisively move things along. "Man always makes his own history," Marx said—but he then insisted that man can do so at any particular moment only to a limited extent; that is, in keeping with the material realities then present.

Much of Harrington's book is taken up with a thoughtful and conscientious analysis of all that—how a number of socialists, especially Marx, have regarded the world, with its various and unequal continents, nation-states, and within them, classes. There is no doubt that Harrington has his own point of view, his own belief that certain thinkers were right and others were wrong, and sometimes evil. The evil ones transformed Marxist thinking and potentially socialist political efforts into repressive political leviathans of the worst kind, and that outcome clearly haunts the author. That is why he constantly writes of *democratic* socialism. That is why he spends so many pages trying to show that Marx was no cold, aloof, morally neutral observer, anxious to spin abstractions which proclaim a love for humanity but also contain ample justification for quite another tack. In particular he wants us to know that Marx's use of the phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" had a specific historical context: "The problem is Marx did not mean dictatorship when he said dictatorship. Even in his *Class Struggles in France* which was written during the bitter months in early 1850, the term is used so as to be compatible, even identified, with democracy. '*The constitutional republic*,' Marx wrote of the peasants, 'is the dictatorship of their united exploiters; the *social democratic* red republic is the dictatorship of their allies.' In each case, it is possible to have a republic, and in the latter instance, a social democratic republic, which is also a dictatorship."

Well, I don't know. I rather suspect that anyone, no matter how decent and kind, has his moments of impatience and anger, which in turn prompts some wish for the urgent if not the drastic confrontation that once and for all will change things for the better. In any event, Harrington takes pains to emphasize the moral and activist side of Marx, which better than any intellectual and logical precocity, made for a kind of analysis rich in its capacity for irony and ambiguity. If, as he puts it, the "talmudic reading" of Marx that Lenin and others have made such a prominent part of the 20th century has done the man's ideas a gross injustice, several chapters in this book at least set things straight for the record. But there is more to this book than that. The author is not yet another sectarian polemicist. He is at once a serious scholar, an impassioned social critic, and a man right in the middle of a struggle now being waged in America—between those who want to hold on to what is (and what they have) and those who believe this nation's wealth and power ought to be used and shared by its working people in a thoroughly different way than is now the case. In that sense he is a prophet, not unlike Isaiah in his attitude toward social injustice, but, too, not unlike Jeremiah in his willingness to be guarded about man's "nature"—"the stubbornness of the heart" that Old Testament writer refers to. At the end of *Socialism* we are reminded (in a somewhat startling aside, since so much of the book is devoted to projecting a moderately contented socialist utopia) that "It may even be possible that mankind cannot bear too much happiness."

I suppose with such a remark Harrington weakens his "argument"—or perhaps reveals some of the spirit or "background" which years ago caused him to work alongside Dorothy Day in

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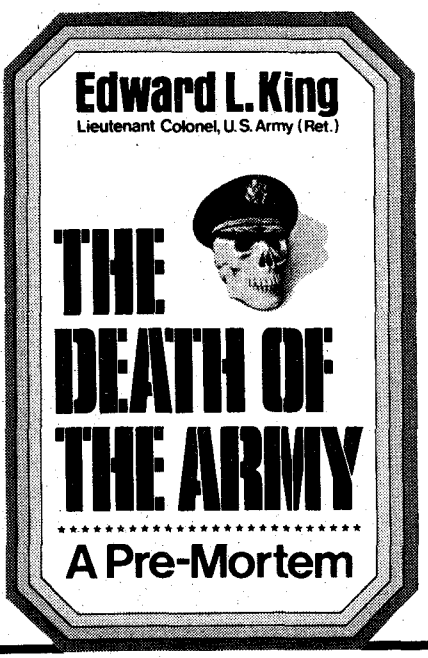

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the Catholic Worker movement. He is unlike her in many respects; not for him the kind of strongly emotional and biblical "communitarianism" she and Peter Maurin have advocated, drawing on Christ's life and teachings, with boosts from Tolstoy and Gandhi. More intellectual, more drawn, I suppose it can be said, to the rational and analytic tradition lapsed Jews and Protestants built up in the 19th and 20th centuries, he nevertheless is at home with some of those riddles theologians never stop considering, and not with any intent of "resolution." For him socialism is over there, way up history's road—to be sought and fought for. Let others decide to stay put where they are, or wander from place to place with little worry about tomorrow; Michael Harrington believes he knows what is fair and honorable for his fellow man, has spelled it out in more than one book, and no doubt every day of his life will make sure his considerable intelligence and energy go toward achieving not a New Jerusalem but a society so set up that more people than ever before live in reasonable security and dignity, live free of want or the threat of want.

Robert Coles

Endless Decency and Humanity

In the Fullness of Time

by Paul H. Douglas

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.50)

In the spring of 1970 the Chicago Circle of the University of Illinois offered Paul Douglas an honorary degree. The situation had its ironies. The Chicago branch of the university had been built on the site of Jane Addams' Hull House, and the original plan had been to bulldoze the area and destroy the famous settlement buildings. Responding to this sacrilege as he had to countless other desecrations during his long career, Douglas had helped to organize public protest and to save the central building. The university, in a turnabout, handsomely restored Hull House and was now publicly forgiving and recognizing Douglas. But there was other trouble. A group of faculty and students wanted to know Douglas' views on Vietnam and indicated that if they were not satisfied they would take some form of action. Having suffered a serious stroke earlier in the year, Douglas offered to let the chancellor announce that he could not come to Chicago Circle because of his health, but the university insisted he appear. The protesters refused to talk with him in an open meeting. A commotion followed. At the commencement a small group of faculty and students turned their backs on the longtime progressive economist and politician and walked out.

This was one of the lesser confrontations in Douglas' life but it was somehow fitting. Throughout his life he has antagonized establishment scholars with his views on economics, establishment liberals with his views on foreign policy and economy in government, establishment conservatives with his advanced views on social legislation. He had been too independent as a senator and too critical of Senate institutions and mores to establish commanding power in the upper chamber. He had never enjoyed close relations with the presidential or titular leaders of the Democratic party, whether Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy or Johnson. He did not establish a solid base of electoral power in Illinois and was defeated in his fourth try for the Senate, after 18 years in office. But if during his long academic and political life he lost far more contests than he won, this was owing in large part to his readiness to do battle. Often it was a lonely battle, with fellow liberals failing to rally to his side or melting away when the going got tough.

The public career of Paul Douglas, indeed, is a study in the subtleties of power. On the face of it he had the in-

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gredients to win immense political success. Raised in a log cabin in the heart of the Maine woods, he settled in Chicago after a promising academic career and promptly became involved in the vast tangle of problems afflicting that city. He was able to mobilize support from Chicago progressives and reformers and, grudgingly, from the Democratic organization. During World War II he volunteered for the Marine Corps at the age of 50, managed to get accepted, performed creditably, and won a Purple Heart in exchange for a permanently crippled left arm. Running for the Senate in 1948 (in tandem with Adlai Stevenson running for governor), he won a smashing victory in what was supposed to be, especially for Harry Truman, a Republican year. To some in the 1950s Paul Douglas seemed like an obvious potential President, except perhaps for his age.

But he was not to get close to the top of that greasy pole, and the reasons tell us something about American politics as well as Paul Douglas. For one thing, Douglas did not like the grease on the pole. He played coalition politics adeptly and demonstrated remarkable persistence and resourcefulness in his political and legislative struggles, but he would not make the concessions that some liberal politicians would. He refused, for example, to accept any gift over $2.50 and hence was cut off from the ample funding that might have helped provide him with a national political base. He did not lack political realism; repeatedly in this book he shows a clear understanding of the nature of leadership rivalries within the Democratic party and their implication for public policy, the need to work with city machines and ethnic groups, the way in which conservatives hold power in the Senate, the tendency in American politics, as he puts it, for "powerful materialists" to overcome "the idealists and insubstantial future distributivists." But it was a kind of intellectual's political realism, as might befit a professional economist; he never demonstrated—nor did he want to master—the animal cunning of some of his opponents, or their instinct for the political jugular.

Part of the trouble was that like a true intellectual he lacked certainty. Behind the rather proud public image there was a sensitive, somewhat divided man. He was a Quaker who forced himself to confront the meaning of Naziism. He was a hard competitor who worried himself by trying to look at the situation through his rival's eyes. He was an early investigator of Soviet communism—he met both Trotzky and Stalin in a trip to Russia during the 1920s—who came to understand the fate of socialism without civil liberties; yet he was sensitive to attacks on him as an alleged communist and admits that one reason he joined the Marines was to prove his patriotism. In an article (not used in this book) he wrote during his first campaign for the Senate he mentioned his reaction to the lies spread about him by his foes—"I at first shared the thoughts of young Count Rostov in *War and Peace*. As he saw the French lancer come at him in his first engagement, young Rostov asked: 'Is it really true that this man wants my life—I whom my mother loves?' "

All this is not to question Paul Douglas' ultimate political effectiveness. In Chicago he was a successful reformer and in the Senate he played a leading part in some of the great legislative breakthroughs. These struggles he describes at great length; they interrupt the pace and diminish the excitement of the book but they are crucial to understanding Douglas' role and achievements and will be sources of enlightenment for students of the legislative process. The real question is whether the American political system is able to realize the potential in a man like Douglas. To a marked degree he combined the intellectual and philosophical grasp, the economic insight, and the practical political experience that characterized at least the second rank, if not the Madisons and Hamiltons, among the founders of the republic. Those men created a whole structure of government, one that would last for two centuries; Douglas and his colleagues were unable to bring about even the most primitive reforms in the Senate. Perhaps we would have been luckier if Douglas had been born a generation earlier than he was, for then he could have stood with the La Follettes and the Norrises in their battles against entrenched greed and reaction. Or perhaps still luckier if he had been born a generation or two later, so that he could have served during a time of turbulence and change that might have provided the context within which he could have succeeded in carrying out the basic economic and political reforms he has long advocated. As it was, however, he played an effective and honorable role during a transition period that brought out the steel in the man as well as his endless decency and humanity.

James MacGregor Burns

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In Brief

The Big V
by William Pelfrey

(Liveright; $3.95)

Here is a serious try at a war *novel*—not a report, not an exposé—by a man who spent a year in Vietnam in the midst of it and is determined to be faithful to all the military details of the experience, and faithfully to reproduce as well, in relentless stretches of directionless dialogue, the man-talk. Starting in the States with an image of the war straight off the tube, the hero soon finds himself messing with real mortars (he was designated "a four-deuce RTO"), with a man called Fi Bait for his FO, another man called Anachronism to swear with, and a few others in a small cast of reluctant wanderers on mined trails. Obviously William Pelfrey has imagined an audience of soldiers who might fault him for misrepresentation of minutiae; his novel would benefit by being pared down to essentials of action and emotional re-

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sponse. Yet the cumulative effect of the fidelity is not to be denied, and rather suddenly in the last three chapters the pace quickens, and theme and characters gel as we come first movingly to the killing of four "dinks" ("They really did look like little cherubs, all twisted. Because of the tumbling effect of the M-16 round . . . one guy looked like he had three elbows on one arm; another, two knees") and then to the death of Anachronism. Anachronism, we learn, had left a letter for his discoverers that began, "If you have discovered my body, fuck you," and went on to ask that no religious service be performed for him in either Vietnam or Indiana. But of course a service *was* performed—it was unavoidable—and the novel ends simply and eloquently with the war suddenly seeming to the hero to be something in the past tense even though he is still there, "a living instrument of death." In other words he is "One of Our Boys" who has had it.

The only two-time winners among the ministers are Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale. Graham is funnier (in his first sermon he compares Nixon to a drunk in an airplane) and simpler ("The Bible gives a lot of descriptions of Solomon"), and really down on "wisdom and knowledge"; but they both thrive largely on anecdote. In fact all the ministers tell anecdotes, and badly. "There was once . . ." "I know a man who . . ." "Not long ago I met . . ." All in one sermon Graham met a drunk, "one of the greatest mathematicians in this country," the governor of Illinois, "a little washerwoman," "a very wealthy man," "a little old Baptist preacher," French student leaders and 3000 hippies.

Ulysses on the Liffey
by Richard Ellmann

(Oxford University Press; $8.95)

Alive, James Joyce denounced biografiends who kill their subjects. Dead, he was blessed with a biografriend in Richard Ellmann. Ellmann's award-winning *James Joyce*, a dozen years ago, gave a warmly humane and sensitive portrayal of the novelist; and now, for the 50th anniversary of *Ulysses*, Ellmann offers an equally perceptive reading of Joyce's greatest work.

To do so requires courage. Frank Budgen and Stuart Gilbert, both friends of Joyce, published during his lifetime their semi-authorized accounts of *Ulysses;* and the schema for *Ulysses* provided Gilbert by Joyce has stimulated the production of thousands of pages of interpretation within the Joyce Industry. A similar chart, printed and translated in *Ulysses on the Liffey*, had been sent by Joyce in 1920 to Carlo Linati, Italian translator of Joyce's play *Exiles*. Both schemas indicate the elaborate arrangements of time, dominant color, "technic," bodily organs and Homeric parallels Joyce so carefully incorporated into the 18 episodes of his labyrinthine book; but now Ellmann, no more subservient to authority than was Joyce, proposes a new myth for *Ulysses* and

White House Sermons
edited by Ben Hibbs and introduced by Richard Nixon

(Harper & Row; $5.95)

In 1816 Wordsworth advised the British government that God approved of its role in the Napoleonic wars. Recent bellicose theologians have been more discreet, or silent altogether, leaving the curious Nixon-watcher bemused. On what soul food does this our Caesar feed?

Now we can know; we have the sermons he has heard, by ministers described in Nixon's own words as "of various faiths and from different regions of this country." He adds, "I think most of them have felt honored to be at the White House."

Yes, what they talk about is how glad they are to be there, how glad God is to be there. Once, Peale actually mentioned the war. "The President did me the honor of sending me to Vietnam, to visit boys in the hospitals," he told the President. "I was glad to see that the hospitals were perhaps two-thirds empty, which indicated what the American people generally do not seem to know: that there has been tremendous progress in the pacification program there and the Vietnamization of the country."

A Personal Account of Black Revolt in Africa

THE BUSH REBELS

by Barbara Cornwall

"The author of this electrifying account of a three-month sojourn with black liberationists in Portuguese Africa is a white American journalist of considerable courage and skill.... Accompanying the barefoot African revolutionists on their skirmishes, living with them in the incredibly dangerous forest, the author drew out of them their raw feelings and thoughts about the shocking conditions which led them to embark on their war of independence."
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supports it with his own schema, building on both of Joyce's.

The literal aspect of this myth is well-known to readers of *Ulysses:* the events of that first Bloomsday in Dublin in 1904, when Odyssean Leopold Bloom rescued Telemachean Stephen Dedalus from usurpers, offered him the hospitality of a cup of cocoa by candlelight, bade him farewell and retired to sleep beside the immortally wakeful Molly-Penelope.

Beyond the sometimes contrived Homeric parallels of this small tale, says Ellmann, Joyce was making an ethical statement about the desirable life. For Joyce the Christian division of the world between Caesar and God was insufficient. Both offer a false paternal love; both urge their adherents to persecute others and abase themselves. The sadistic and masochistic elements which are conjoined in both church and state can only be overcome by imaginative sympathy.

Though Joyce refuses to choose either church or state (and also refuses to accept the "spiritual angelification" of David Hume and George Russell, or the gross animalism of Blazes Boylan and Buck Mulligan), *Ulysses* is more affirmation than negation. In the shared interests and understandings of Bloom, Stephen and Molly, Joyce constantly affirms a world where man rises toward divinity by accepting his erring humanity, rooted in elemental, excremental matter. He does this without didacticism by presenting small actions and thoughts of everyday Dublin life in a structurally elaborate earthly comedy.

Traditionally that comedy has been divided into three episodes about Stephen-Telemachus; 12 for Bloom-Odysseus; and a final three for their joint return to Molly-Penelope. Ellmann proposes, instead, a triadic structure drawn from Joyce's study of Hegel, Dante and Giambattista Vico. Threaded among the triads are Joyce's themes that art frees and affirms humanity, and that love—of which sexual love is the highest form—is the mainspring of art and life, moving divergent elements into harmony.

Ulysses' interweaving of theme and structure is most complex; yet Ellmann does not leave the scene mired in footnotes. By his own imaginative sympathy with Joyce he rejoins the elements into a unified concept, not merely of *Ulysses,* but of Joyce's philosophical thought. The result is an outstanding critical work, superbly written, and made lyrical by its author's affection for his subject.

Correspondence

Music Appreciation

Sirs:

The flaw in J. D. O'Hara's article ("Talking Through Their Heads," May 20) is that he completely ignores Bob Dylan's musical genius. His music stands as a testimony to his artistic ability and must assume paramount importance in any attempted investigation into his personality. J. D. O'Hara's statement that Dylan's lyrics are neither "profound or even very good" suggests either that Mr. O'Hara is totally insensitive to lyrical art or else has never listened to Dylan's music. . . .

Linda A. Serafini
Philadelphia

Indochina War

Sirs:

I detect an error in your April 29 issue. On p. 7 you say: "By March 1965 . . . the US had appropriated major responsibility for the prosecution of Saigon's war and within a few weeks there were in the South, according to Under Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, 230,000 Americans. . . ." US totals did not reach 230,000 until early 1966. The Defense Department announced on 6 March 1965 the dispatch of two marine battalions to South Vietnam. An advance party of a brigade of paratroopers arrived on 3 May. By July 1, 1965 US military strength in Vietnam totaled about 50,000.

Few Americans seem to realize that the United States was engaged in covert combat operations in Vietnam and Laos in early 1964. By 1965, when 25,000 American military advisers were committed to ground and air combat, there were no North Vietnamese troop units south of the 17th parallel—only a few thousand cadremen who were mostly southerners. Only after the United States began bombing throughout Vietnam and committing ground troops to combat did the army of North Vietnam cross the border. In January 1965 over 80 percent of the Vietcong and over 90 percent of their weapons came from South Vietnam. The myth of an invasion from the North against the "freely elected democratic republic of South Vietnam" will go down in history as one of the greatest frauds ever perpetrated on the American people.

Edward E. Cruise
Chatham, NJ

In reply:

Mr. Cruise is correct; 230,000 Americans were in Vietnam by April 1, 1966, not 1965.

The Editors

Aid to Education

Sirs:

I take issue with Mr. Overlan's conclusion ("An Equal Chance to Learn," *NR* May 13, 1972) that equalization of educational expenditures will not make an appreciable impact on "even the *appearance* of equality of educational opportunity."

The most recent comprehensive report concerning equalization of educational opportunity—the "Riles Report" (*Urban School Crisis,* 1970) listed money as the "major requirement" in combating the urban educational crisis. "For many urban educational systems the first priority this year will be keeping their doors open. . . ."

It is more than just interesting to note that Chicago spends $145 less per pupil per annum for education than the surrounding Cook County suburbs. (Mr. Overlan's school district in Winnetka is one of those Cook County suburbs.)

Mr. Overlan is correct when he states that equalization of educational expenditures will not "ineluctably" result in equal educational opportunities. But that extra $72.50 per pupil (half of Mr. Overlan's extra $145) would at least be a step toward quality education in Chicago while those kids are waiting for "regional desegregation."

Harold R. Washington
North Carolina Central University

Author Replies

Sirs:

I was surprised and disappointed with the review of my book, *The Great School*

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Legend (April 29). To call the historiographical analysis "general" and the statistical examination "concrete" without clarifying whether or not that phenomenon reflects my inadequate treatment of the nature of the different emphases, feeds dangerously into a longstanding national myopia about the relationship of ideas to practice. To generalize about footnote errors without pointing them out does *The New Republic* readers a great disservice, and in no way helps me locate what might be "careless documentation" but what could turn out to be copyediting slips. Next, to assume that my emphasis on school reality can only hold water if it includes classroom practices is absolute nonsense. There is an institutional reality within which schools function which can be observed in classroom terms or in socio-political terms; my purpose was to do the latter.

Colin Greer
NYC

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

he decides it is; the free-flowing form makes his work easy.

A. J. Antoon had a harder job directing *That Championship Season*, in another of the Public Theater's theaters, because he was dealing with a naturalistic play, and his rhythms and emphasis and lifts of imagination had to be found within the play, not rhapsodized from it. I think Antoon was completely successful. Last year he did a fine job with the surreal-fantastic *Subject to Fits* (and a less successful job with a Central Park production of *Cymbeline*). Now he has served a quite different style of play very well and shows that he is a director of range and exhilarating promise.

The script itself, by Jason Miller, is much more neatly turned than Noonan's and much less interesting. It deals with the reunion of a champion high school basketball team 20 years later, at the home of their former coach in a Pennsylvania town. One of the four who show up is the blustering blockhead mayor of the town, one a pale junior high school principal, one a plump predatory business man, the fourth is an alcoholic drifter. Just about the "cross-section" that might have been jotted down for the first draft of such a play. (The fifth former member does not at-

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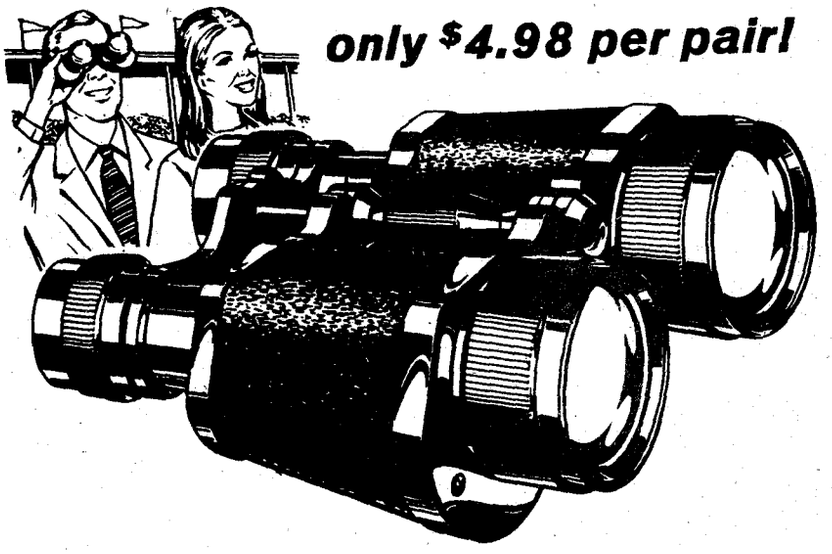

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tend, for dark reasons, later revealed.)

The dramaturgic pattern that Miller uses has been successful for decades. A group of people come together who are not usually together. (Sometimes it's a party, sometimes a country weekend, it's even been an air-raid shelter during the war.) What they seem like at the beginning is not what they are revealed to be at the end. Hoo ha.

The initial impression here is poured on so heavily that we know it is being set up for destruction. The moment the coach tells them what a great team they were, what wonderful men they have become, and how marvelous it is to see them, our immediate reaction is: "You mean they *weren't* true champions? They're *all* rats? They *all* hate one another?" The play brings out different degrees of rattiness and deception and venality and disintegration in each, together with glib revelations of race and religious prejudice that are all small reverse pats on the back for the superior audience. Even John O'Hara would have dug deeper into his Pennsylvania. This is the sort of script that, with a little sex censorship, makes "controversial" television.

But the evening is only partially boring, and the division is not by segments, it's lateral, horizontal. At the same time that the pattern and purpose are tedious from the start, the dialogue is briskly speakable and the acting is good. So the performance has a contrapuntal effect: good surface against dull foundations and a dull overall form.

Pound for pound, this is the best cast I've seen in a Public Theater production. Charles Durning is the mayor, Michael McGuire, the principal, Paul Sorvino, the wealthy man, Walter McGinn, the sidelines wisecracking drunk. (McGinn takes a drunken tumble downstairs that is the best stage fall I've seen since Ekkehard Schall of the Berliner Ensemble.) Only Richard A. Dysart seemed out of place as the coach; I couldn't believe he had ever set foot in a gym.

Santo Loquasto, the designer, captured oppressively the dark-wood, closeted feeling of a middle-class home built around 1900. That was, essentially, a painterly act. Where Loquasto showed his specific theater sense is in his excellent arrangement of space and levels. Like all good realistic sets, it only looks like a room; it is really a theater set.

Book Note. Samuel French has just published *The American Theatre: A Sum of Its Parts* ($10), 16 papers delivered by well-known figures in the academic and professional theater at the first American College Theater Festival in 1969. Included are useful surveys of such subjects as the origins of directing (Helen Krich Chinoy), the origins of university-theater relations (Bernard Beckerman), conditions and highlights of modern acting (Alan Hewitt), and American black drama (Randolph Edmonds). An article by Ralph G. Allen on minstrel shows and burlesque even appends the scripts of four burlesque bits. The book should have had running heads, to identify individual pieces, and an index.

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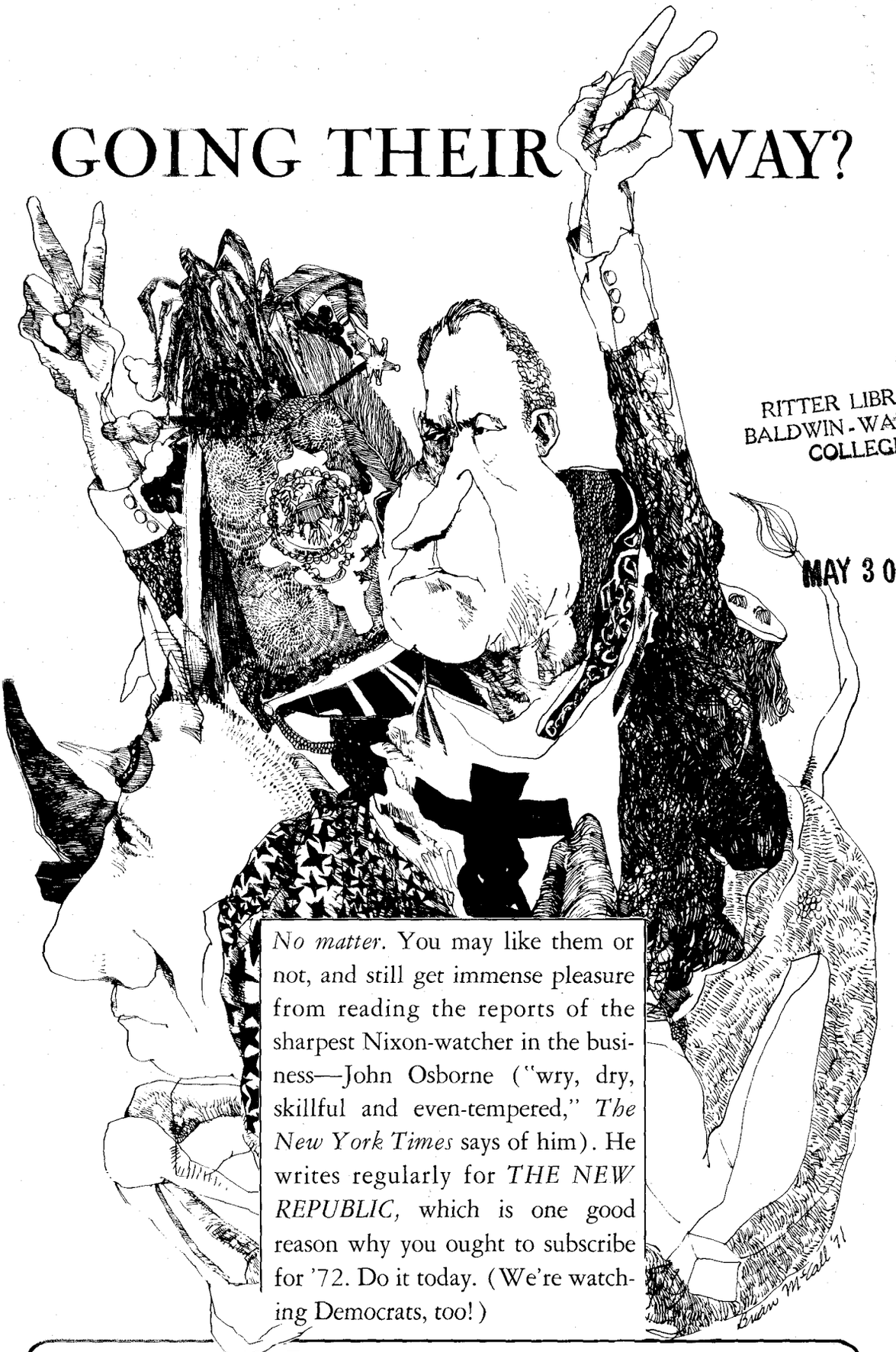

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